

The TATLER

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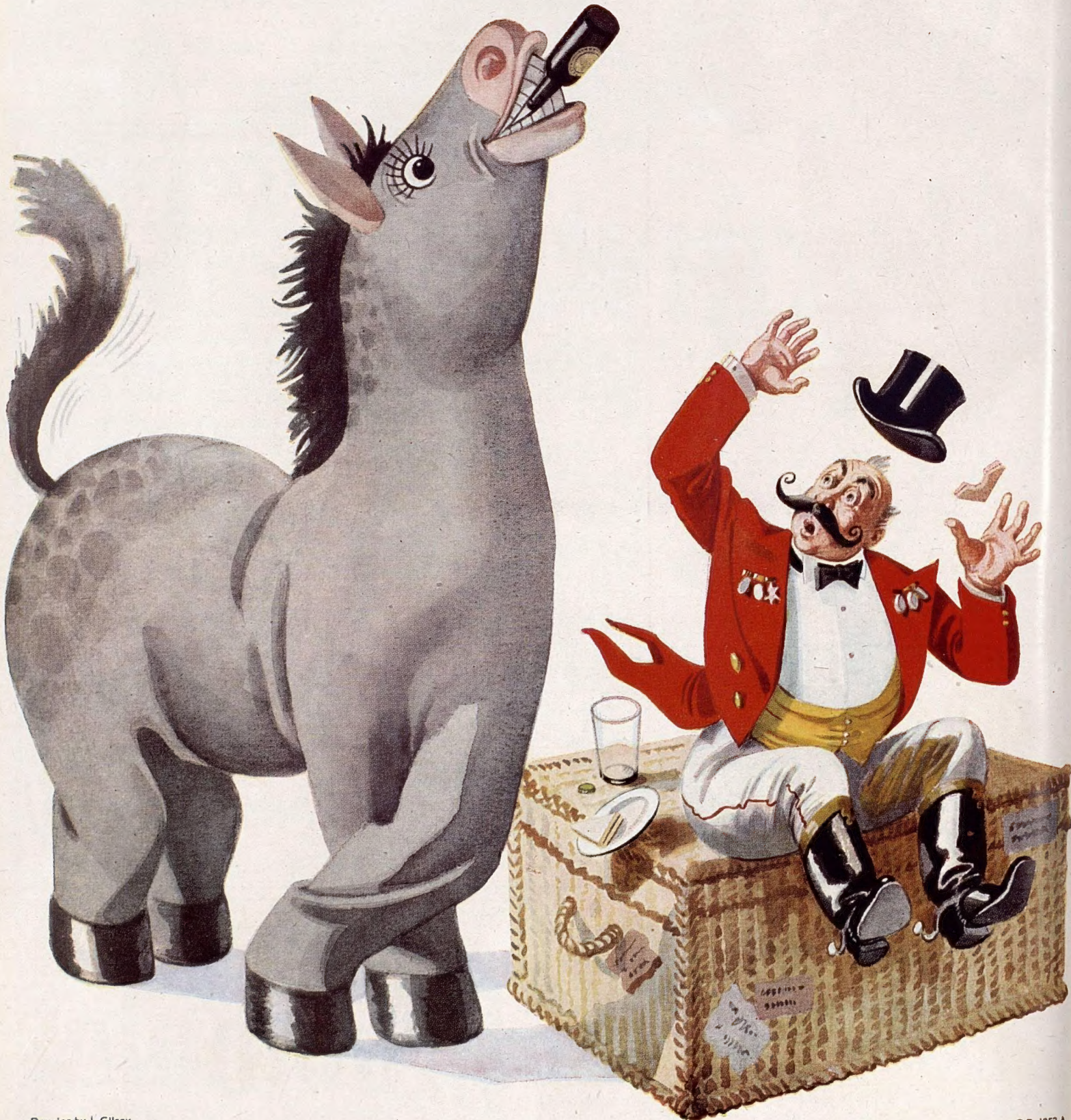
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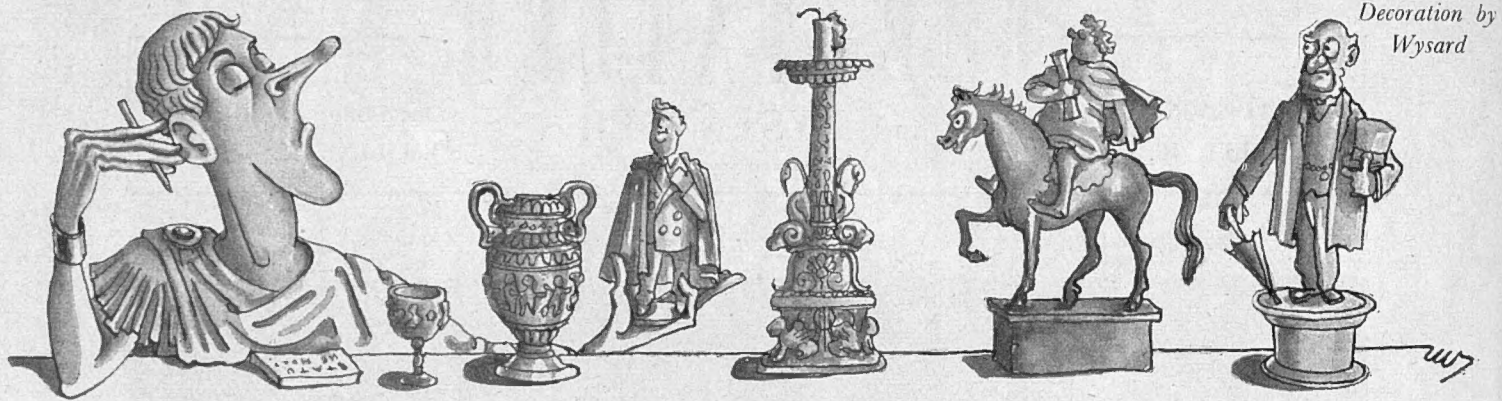
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Gordon Anthony

Leading Lady of "The Gleam"

Elspeth March plays a leading part in Warren Chetham Strode's controversial new play about the National Health Service Act, *The Gleam*, at the Globe Theatre. Miss March is in private life the wife of Stewart Granger, whom she met when they were working together at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. She was born in London, and educated at Sherborne School for Girls, and was trained for the stage under Elsie Fogerty at the Central School of Dramatic Art. After experience in repertory at Aberdeen and Windsor, she made her first London appearance at the Westminster Theatre in Bridie's *Jonah and the Whale*. She recently took an important role in *Duet for Two Hands* at the Lyric Theatre. The Grangers live in the country near Haslemere. They have two children, Jamie aged two and a half, and a girl nine months old, named Lindsay. Elspeth March's chief interests are her children, her home, and her acting career



Simon Harcourt-Smith

Portraits in Print

SOME years ago Osbert Sitwell remarked with some justice that in London we already had more statues of American statesmen than of British poets. Now it seems we are to be endowed with yet another—of the late President Roosevelt, this time. There is perhaps better justification for this statue than for the existing one of President Lincoln in Parliament Square.

Lincoln was no doubt a great man, but many would argue that Roosevelt was as great if not greater. Lincoln's term of office, it is true, through our tendency to sympathize with the South in the Civil War, was a low watermark in Anglo-American relations. (One has only to read that wonderful book *The Education of Henry Adams*, to realize the leprous isolation in which London left the American Legation at the time!) For the life of one it is difficult to see any obvious reason for a statue of Lincoln in London, except that the Americans were handsome enough to make us a present of it.

Our Friend Roosevelt

VERY different is the case of the late President Roosevelt. The cost of the statue has been collected here; and all Colonel Roosevelt's "revelations" of his august father's delight in twisting the lion's tail will not shake our conviction that Roosevelt wanted the very things for which every liberal inhabitant of these islands yearns. The President and Mr. Churchill may well have bickered at Casablanca and Quebec, Roosevelt must too bear his share of guilt for the idiotic policy of insisting upon

But must it be by the sightless stone eye, the stone trouser which far from commemorating, seems to confirm the utter deadness of its occupant? For my part I have often mocked but now prefer the statue in Pimlico Gardens of William Huskisson (1770–1830) the statesman who in tight nankeens was run over by Stephenson's *Rocket* at the opening of an early railway.

Huskisson with platitudinous speech in hand to indicate his tedious calling is sculpted in a toga. For his sculptor, John Gibson, R.A. (1790–1866), had been the petted, almost the favourite pupil of Canova, and nursed strong views on the unsuitability of modern clothes for public statues. "The human figure concealed under a frock-coat is not a fit subject for sculpture. . . . The rules of good taste and harmony are transgressed sadly by placing statues in coats and trousers between Corinthian and Ionic columns, and to be consistent a new order of architectural forms should be invented

But to return to stone frock-coats and trousers. I like the coats best when they are slightly strained over stone buttons with deep creases cut in the Aberdeen granite or the red sandstone, and no creases at all to the trousers. I am particularly fond of public statues with unfurled stone umbrellas. There is, if I remember rightly, a very fine one of sandstone



in Reading. I know of a couple more in Belgium, and no fewer than three in Catalonia. I have heard rumours of one in the Scottish Lowlands, and yet another in Ireland. It is my dearest ambition to produce an album of such sculpture one of these fine days.

Vexatious Vestments

OF course the whole question of clothes on outdoor statuary, public or garden, has always been a problem since Renaissance days. To some extent that great improvisator, Bernini, got over the difficulty by swathing his busts in turbulent draperies that seem to have an entire life of their own. The extraordinary accentuation of the shoulders, and the deliberate diminution of the head (see for instance, the bust of Mr. Baker in the Victoria and Albert Museum), really produce as much of an abstraction, as remote from realism, as any work of Picasso's. But the clothes of the time were no more suitable than are ours to be represented sculpturally.

Vandyk has romanticized them for us, but looked at dispassionately, the lace collars and innumerable ribbons are just as ridiculous in stone as the late President Roosevelt's trousers.

Occasionally the adroit eighteenth century, it is true, pulled it off. Houdon's bust of Cagliostro, for instance, in the Aix-en-Provence Museum; and the wonderful figures of the "Dancers" which Ferdinand Dietz made for the lovely park of Veitshöchheim, near Würzburg, somewhere about 1765. They are dressed in the height of fashion; but so lyrical is their spirit, so full of whirling animation, the sculpted buttons and creases in no way worry us.

But the only good public statue in London, James II by Grinling Gibbons (1648–1721)



to be in unison with such costumes." I do not know whether Sir Reid Dick's statue of the late President, this time in cape and trousers, if I rightly recall a recent photograph of it, is to have any architectural background. But the only man capable of devising a "new order of architectural forms" to harmonize with stone trousers was Gaudi, the brilliant but eccentric Catalan, and he was run over by a Barcelona tram some twenty years ago.

Idol

JOHN GIBSON incidentally held strong views on the necessity for polychromy in sculpture; and at the International Exhibition of 1862 he showed his famous "Tinted Venus" with brilliant success. Gossip had it that he was infatuated with his own creation, so lifelike was she. Certainly he would sit for hours in front of the Venus, making at her what some of his enemies called "sheep's eyes." Would that one possessed the ferret-like curiosity of a St. Simon to explore the strange story of this Victorian Pygmalion, and the pen of a Lucian then to tell it. . . .



"unconditional surrender" (a policy upon which one longs for the opinion of Talleyrand's tart ghost).

But we will not believe Roosevelt was really anti-British, or merely "that man" as the Republicans call him. We believe he was our friend, and we believe he was a genius, one of the very few whose death leaves the world the poorer and sillier. Yes, there is every reason in the world for us to celebrate his memory.

that used to be hidden alongside the Admiralty (where is it now since the building of that monstrous sort of Auschwitz incinerator during the war?), bilks the issue by clapping the unfortunate monarch into Roman dress; and the last great public statue to be erected anywhere, the equestrian monument to Peter the Great made by the French sculptor E. M.



Falconet (1716-1791) and gracing the Dekembrist Square in Leningrad is guilty of a similar evasion.

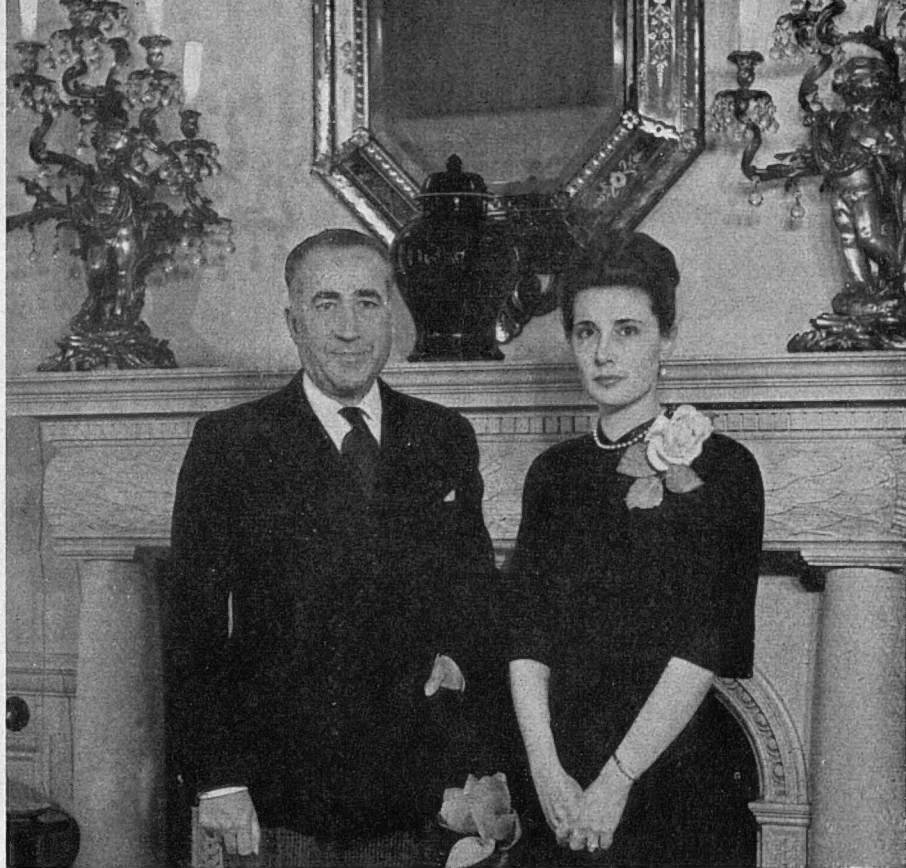
Falconet has been accused by one learned encyclopedia of "a false and fantastic taste." Perhaps that is why his work has so much attraction for me. Like Dietz at Veitshöchheim he excelled in the sculpting of sphinxes. I just missed buying a pair of magnificent ones by him, in terra-cotta, at Sotheby's three years or so ago. Their heads were the heads of famous beauties at Marie-Antoinette's Court; they wore the dizzy coiffures of their times, and were decked out in a charming profligacy of jewels. These sphinxes have filled me with an ambition which I shall probably be unable to realize. I should like to adorn my garden with sphinxes whose heads would be the likenesses of my most cherished friends, in all the finery that a world of doubtful social security will probably deny them henceforth.

Meanwhile, to return to the question of honouring the memory of the late President Roosevelt, I cannot help thinking, from an admittedly short acquaintance with him, that he would have been the last to crave a petrification of his cape and his stick and his trousers. Everybody, however magnanimous, cherishes a secret craving to be remembered after death. But instead of a pompous memorial, why not a sort of reversed Rhodes scholarship which would enable young people from these islands to travel through the United States, to learn the American point of view, and if they be lucky, to correct some American ideas about us. I could fancy no better memorial for a man who was so often compelled to nurse alone the most unpopular opinions.

John L. Lewis

IN this column reference has from time to time been made to the gulf that yawns between American and British economic and political philosophies. What better example of it could we have than the strange frustrated episode of the American coal strike. Here in the British Isles we are within three weeks of the State's assuming final ownership of the mines, and the T.U.C. is campaigning for a full 100 per cent membership, vast wealth, as many Parliamentary seats under their control as the Grand Whiggery ever dreamed of in the days of rotten boroughs; and even a foreign policy of their own in pickle. Some would think we have here an imperium in imperio that will one day bring tears.

Contrast the American scene. Upon John L. Lewis (who seems to delight in twisting his face to the semblance of a toad), and upon the United Mineworkers' Union, an American judge can still impose heavy fines while making no bones of his longing to levy prison sentences. The American coal strike may well affect adversely our already dreary food situation. There is little reason for us, therefore, to commend it. Nevertheless, the Goldsborough decision is a trifle terrifying. The strike has now been called off. Is this a victory for the Goldsboroughs of this unhappy world?



H.E. The Chilean Ambassador with his wife, Madame Bianchi

Swaebe

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

IN a light-coloured study in Hamilton Place, overlooking the Duke of Wellington's residence at Hyde Park Corner, hangs the photograph of a number of international notables, arbitrators who on July 21, 1938, ended the three years' war and the three years' armistice between Paraguay and Bolivia over the century-old Gran Chaco frontier dispute.

One of the signatories was His Excellency Senor Don Manuel Bianchi, since June, 1941, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James's from Chile. Sometimes, as he reads dozens of newspapers and magazines and periodicals, he is puzzled by the inexplicable doings in Western Europe; he glances wistfully at three pictures by the photograph. These are of his native Chile, farthest South American state from Europe, stretching in a hundred-mile strip about 2,500 miles down to the most southerly city in the world, Punta Arenas, on the Straits of Magellan.

His deep-set, slow-moving, unimpassioned eyes turn towards the drawing of mythical, mysterious Easter Island, two thousand miles farther off in the Pacific, with the celebrated stone platforms and hundreds of strange stone figures that have excited the imagination of civilized man and defied explanation. Perhaps Chile's oddest possession reminds the envoy of London's assembly of celebrities from various corners of the world, in January and February, when he led the Chilean delegation to U.N.

THE Ambassador ponders and recalls the tragic picture that greeted him on arrival here five and a half years ago. London had been battered mercilessly for many months; London had just begun the sinister experience of a dangerously quiet period, of no raids. Did the silences presage invasion?

But London was fascinating, and had always attracted the rising diplomatist. Was his father, now at eighty-four the retired Chief Justice of Chile, not half English and half Italian? Manuel reached Britain on a steady march. It began when he attended the university at 7.30 a.m., worked from 10 a.m. till 6 p.m. in the Foreign Office, and resumed studies till late at night, to secure degrees in law and pedagogy.

In Germany as secretary of Legation young Bianchi noted, from 1922 till 1925, the detention of Hitler in prison, listened in his elegant office to rapturous phrases about German champagne by a salesman no longer with us, Joachim Ribbentrop. Counsellor in

Brazil, then Minister jointly to Panama, Venezuela and Cuba, Bianchi watched war—for he rose to be Minister in Bolivia, remaining in La Paz for four years. The next six years saw promotion again, as Ambassador to Mexico and occasionally in Washington as well. Now followed headship of the Foreign Office, in dark 1940—at forty-five. And then, the "plum," St. James's, the diplomatic Mecca of the world.

COUNTRY life appeals to the envoy, perhaps because of his affection for athletics and outdoor games. He was an outstanding player for the Magellanes football club, and remains an honorary director. Chelsea is among his favourite teams, and he watches with affectionate interest the dribbling of Matthews, the England winger.

Other interests? Reading, of course, but on a mammoth scale. There are serious and gay books by the bedside, in the study, in the "rest-room" upstairs, near a fascinating tapestry secured during regular visits to Christie's.

His Excellency who knows all the twenty-one capitals of South America, is proud of his country's contribution to the last war. Did she not, with her 200,000-ton navy, patrol her own immense coast? Did she not help us with her copper products, second in the world only to those of the United States, with her nitrate, stepped up from 437,000 tons in 1933 to 1,500,000 in 1942?

The dignified dining-room has seen most British celebrities, Mr. Attlee and Mr. Churchill included. The energetic little envoy speaks resolutely, but quietly, of his desire for wider cultural relations between us, of his wish to increase Anglo-Chilean trade. But unquestionably the most characteristic phrase is one spoken to the staff, "Calma en las pasiones." And the envoy means what it says, "Calm your passions."

There is restrained, gay laughter in his eyes and on his lips. For Chile and Britain are nearer than in 1941. That is diplomatic triumph.

George Bilainkin.

JAMES AGATE

At The Pictures

Back to Balzac



WHO reads Balzac now? During the four years I spent in France during the first World War I did not discover a single Frenchman who had ever opened a volume of Balzac. I gathered that, like Scott, the greatest of all novelists had declined to the category of the unwept, unhonoured and unread. How about Balzac today? He is read, I think, only by highbrows in order that they may say how infinitely less real his duchesses are than those of Proust.

It was a younger brother who at the age of fifteen first made me aware of this giant. Together we set out to collect him. We scraped our pennies together, laying out ten of them for each of the fifty volumes published by Calmann-Lévy, which we procured through Mudie's. These we bound in stout buckram, and as I write the long row is within reach of my hand.

My admiration did not stop there. I was for many years the only English member of the Society of the Friends of Balzac. Before the first World War the Society took care of Balzac's house at Passy—it may do so still—and to it I made pilgrimage to see the table at which he wrote and the chair in which he sat. I was and still am proud to answer yes to Gautier's question: "Etes-vous balzacien déterminé?"

How does this affect my view of the film at the Curzon called *Vautrin*? In this way. First that the film is not, as an eminent critic wrote, "adapted from Balzac's famous novel of the same name," because Balzac didn't write a novel of that name. The novels in which Vautrin appears and of which this film makes use are *Le Père Goriot*, *Illusions perdues*, *Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisanes*, *La Dernière Incarnation de Vautrin*, *Le Député d'Arcis*. Vautrin's real name? Jacques Collin. The number of his aliases? Six—Monsieur Jules, Halpertius (pretended Swedish philosopher), William Barker (pretended Englishman), Carlos

Herrera (pretended Abbé), Saint-Estève (actual chief of police for fifteen years) and, of course, Vautrin. Nickname? Trompe-la-mort.

WHAT happens when I go to see the best of film actors in Balzac's great story? They vanish because I would not have them stay. All my nerve and fibre silently shout with more intensity than Macbeth knew, "Horrible shadows! Unreal mockeries, hence!" Can that young lady skittering about that expensive apartment to avoid rape really be that Esther van Gobseck who began life as a ballet dancer, but abandoned the stage for the *maison de tolérance*? Can that elderly and comic personage pursuing her really be the great Baron Nucingen, who appears in no less than twelve of the novels?

Here the makers of this film surely committed a first-class blunder. Why did they not get Michel Simon to play Nucingen instead of Vautrin? Any competent melodramatic actor would do for the ex-convict. The German-Jew baron in the throes of his last passion is a masterpiece of tragi-comedy calling for a great tragi-comic actor, which Michel Simon is. Here is a player who could have talked that frightful jargon which Balzac reproduced so carefully. "Soyez hircise: cheu feux pienn édre fôdre bère bentand guegues churs, gar che gombrends qu'il vaud fus aggoutimer à ma bôfre gar-gasse." Let Esther be happy. Nucingen will be a father to her to begin with; he understands that she will want time to get accustomed to his poor carcass.

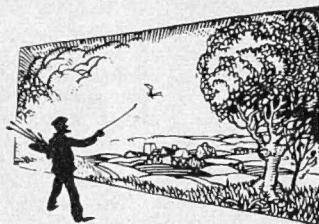
LUCIEN DE RUBEMPRÉ. Is the screen's good-looking actor really the lover of that skittering hoyden who in turn worships him while getting a quarter of a million francs out of Nucingen to fill Vautrin's maw? Can any film actor be the real Rubempré, the darling of mesdames de Maufrigneuse et de Sérizy, and head and ears in love with Esther while aspiring to marry into the great family of

Grandlieu? Can this be the young man who, charged with the death of Esther after her suicide, hanged himself in prison on the 15th of May, 1830?

The answer is yes and no. In the presence of the actuality with which Balzac endowed his characters, actors are helpless. The best of them come like shadows, so depart. What, for example, can be as real as the things Cerfberr and Christophe tell us in their *Répertoire of the Human Comedy*? Of Nucingen they write: "Probably born at Strasburg around about 1767." "Probably" is magnificent. And of Rubempré: "He rests in Père-Lachaise, in a magnificent tomb which holds the remains of Esther van Gobseck, and where space is reserved for Jacques Collin."

"Is reserved." Is Vautrin then not dead? What can the screen put up against something that is more living than life itself? But it is possible that the *Répertoire* is not everybody's bedside book. What might a critic think of this film if Balzac were to him only a name? I suggest he might regard it as just another French picture.

La Cage aux Rossignols at the Tatler is a charming, ill-constructed, very well acted sentimentality, showing how, *mutatis mutandis*, if you let them have enough community singing, Borstal boys will become angels with shining faces. Well, I don't believe it. A good half-hour is wasted in getting the film going, and there is a foolish love-interest. On the other hand, hardened film critics are said to have left the Press show howling their eyes out, and I agree that the singing of small



boys is difficult if not impossible to withstand. Verlaine was fully aware of this when he wrote his famous line:

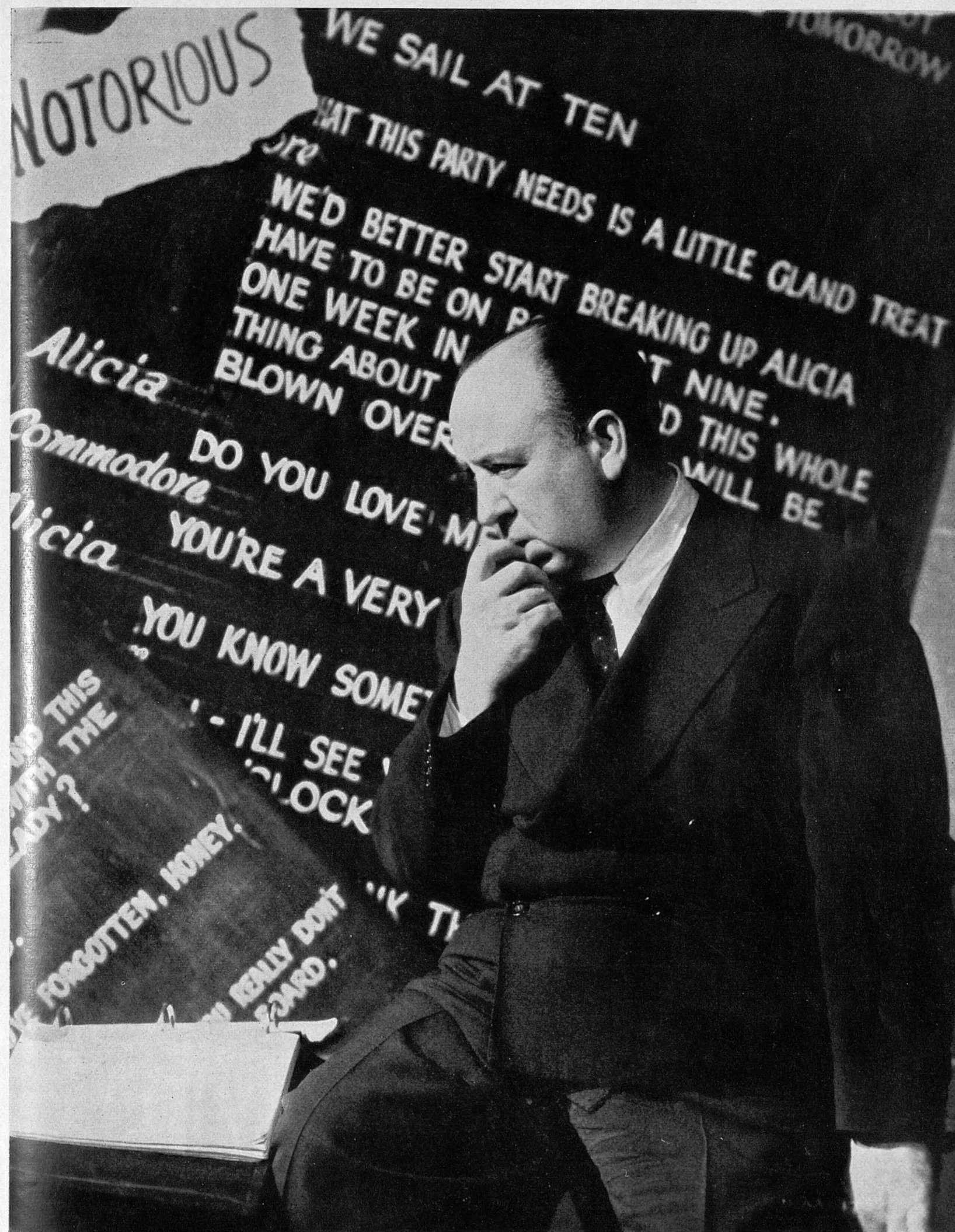
"Et, ô ces voix d'enfants chantant dans la coupole!"

Be that as it may, this film is not a patch on the American *Boys' Town*.

Alfred Hitchcock

Hitchcock is one of the few directors whose names are widely known to cinemagoers. He was born in London in 1899, and maintains that his London University studies in art and engineering best fitted him for the complex job of film direction. His first film credit was as art director of *Woman to Woman* in 1923, and his *Blackmail* was the first British talking picture to have a wide success. A series of the dramatic thrillers which have won him an international reputation culminated in *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, which won the New York Critics' Award for the best direction in 1938.

Before going to the United States he directed *The Lady Vanishes* and *Jamaica Inn*, and his first American assignment was *Rebecca*, which won the 1940 Academy Award for the best production. Other American films include *Foreign Correspondent*, *Saboteur*, *Spellbound*, and *Notorious*.



The

"The Glean"



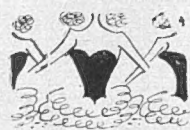
Empurpled Councillor Fred Holt (Harry Ross) triumphantly brandishing the plan, is coolly and sympathetically diagnosed by Dr. Alan Boyd (John Robinson), as a moderately serious case of over-enthusiasm

THAT rattling good play of public school politics, *The Guinea Pig*, which is still running merrily at the Criterion, was "based on the Fleming Report," and nobody minded. As his next subject Mr. Chetham Strode takes the present Government's blueprint for a planned national economy, and again nobody would mind, but this time, alas, the wheels of his dramatic coach do not bowl along the hard, high road of honest story-telling but labour and skid in a morass of political argument.

It is, of course, entirely his own fault: not that of his subject, which is important and topical. Ibsen wrote an exciting play about a drainage system; the more entertaining a Shavian piece the more likely is it to have sprung from some portentously serious Fabian pamphlet; it is easy for the experienced playgoer to believe that every ponderous Report of a Royal Commission holds the seeds of radiant comedy or heart-shaking tragedy. But the author who plants those seeds and tries very laudably to keep the theatre abreast of current journalism must know what he is about.

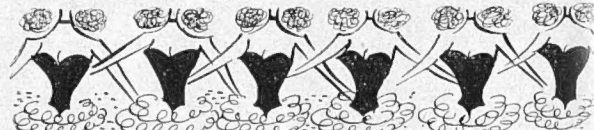
If he is Ibsen he will use the theme of the day to expose the workings of human nature; if he is Mr. Shaw he will use it to expose the workings of his own polemical mind, leading the audience to believe that they are examining the problem from end to end and throwing in occasionally bits of action that are frankly fantastic and highly amusing. Mr. Chetham Strode imitates neither master, or rather he tries to imitate them both. The sad result is that we are fobbed off with a scrappy, somewhat unfair discussion of State medical and other services and are left feeling that an unsatisfactory discussion has ruined what might have been a good story.

If there were a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Imaginary Characters it could scarcely refrain from prosecuting Mr. Chetham Strode for his treatment of the people of this play. A child is threatened with cerebral meningitis and her pleasantly comfortable parents reduced to silent hand-clutching misery merely that we may admire the efficiency of the independent family doctor. A delightful old servant is mangled by a ten-ton lorry merely that we may observe how the same doctor, now the frustrated slave of a Regional Committee, is hampered in his efforts to give the old woman the



In brief --

THE "TATLER" THEATRE GUIDE



Straight Plays

And No Birds Sing (Aldwych). A comedy with Elizabeth Allan playing a woman doctor with very progressive ideas and Harold Warrender as the man who loves her in spite of them.

Grand National Night (Apollo). Leslie Banks is a pleasant murderer who has the audience on his side, and Hermione Baddeley is in dual character roles. Good acting in a well-knit play.

Vanity Fair (Comedy). Claire Luce superb as Thackeray's attractive and mercenary heroine, with Victoria Hopper as Amelia.

The Guinea Pig (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

Message for Margaret (Duchess). Emotion and conflict between the wife and the mistress of a dead man, with Flora Robson giving one of the best performances of her career.

Fools Rush In (Fortune). Derek Farr, Glynis Johns and Joyce Barbour in another very entertaining story of the *Quiet Wedding* type.

Lady Windermere's Fan (Haymarket). Dorothy Hyson, Isabel Jeans and Athene Seyler, in a revival of Oscar Wilde's comedy of manners. A decorative entertainment.

Caste (Lyric, Hammersmith). Beautifully acted and produced revival of the comedy-drama of T. W.

Robertson originally presented in 1867. Story is about the result of marriage between the stage and the aristocracy.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Cellier and Alan Webb.

The Old Vic Theatre Company (New) in *King Lear*, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and *An Inspector Calls*, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Pamela Brown and Alec Guinness.

Lady Frederick (Savoy). Coral Browne as that charming adventuress, Lady Frederick Berolles, in a revival of Somerset Maugham's first stage success.

But For The Grace Of God (St. James's). Epigrammatic Lonsdale wit by A. E. Matthews and Mary Jerrold, and murder and manly reticence by Hugh McDermott and Robert Douglas.

The Shop At Sly Corner (St. Martin's). Good thriller with a surprise ending and some first-rate character acting from Arthur Young.

Fifty-Fifty (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

The Poltergeist (Vaudeville). Comedy thriller. Gordon Harker does some violent ghost-laying with hilarious consequences.

No Room At The Inn (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Ronald Ward, Naunton Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

With Music

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

Song of Norway (Palace). Operetta on the life and music of Grieg; not authentic but colourful. Fine singing by John Hargreaves, Janet Hamilton-Smith and others.

Under The Counter (Phoenix). Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the black market, ably assisted by Hartley Power and Thorley Walters.

The Shephard Show (Princes). Richard Hearn, Eddie Gray, Douglas Byng, Arthur Riscoe and Marie Burke as the leading lights.

Christmas Shows

Little Red Riding Hood (Adelphi). Nervo and Knox. **Mother Goose** (Casino). Stanley Holloway, Celia Lipton.

Sim-Sala-Bim (Garrick). Dante in magic wonder revue.

Cinderella (Players Theatre). **Peter Pan** (Scala). Mary Morris as Peter, Alastair Sim as Captain Hook.

Hey Presto (Westminster). Jasper Maskelyne in magic old and new

Theatre

(Globe)

best possible surgical attention. (Incidentally, the doctor insists on "the best possible surgeon, and the Committee on the "best available": which is what most of us make do with even under the present system.)

BUT the most gratuitous suffering inflicted by the author on his characters falls on Mr. and Mrs. Sam Cartwright. He is a pugnacious individualist who, like so many of his kind, believes in Socialism—for other people. When he discovers that a bit of Socialism will affect his business interests, his natural response is a hearty individualistic kick against the pricks.

That is the sort of man he has always been, but his wife, a charming homely woman with a humorous affection for her quite amiable husband, suddenly decides that he and she must separate for a long time to let her forget his political inconsistencies. Sam is surprised and hurt, and we are just as surprised as he. It is a matrimonial dispute for which there has been no sort of preparation. It happens, presumably, simply because the author has begun to feel that there is too much discussion and too little drama.

All this is so improbable that the people as human beings cease to hold our interest, and, conscientiously as the author flatters all our prejudices, few will feel at the end that the pleasure of hearing their hopes and fears for the results of nationalization has been worth the exasperation of seeing the possibilities of excellent drama frittered away.

MR. WYNDHAM GOLDIE is the bluff manufacturer who barks his domestic shins over his political theories. Charmers, on the stage as off, tend to live up to the extreme limit of their means, and Mr. Goldie works perhaps a trifle too hard for his effects of amiability. This excess of vigour is the more noticeable since Miss Elspeth March conveys well-mannered domesticity with such quiet precision. Mr. John Robinson, as the devoted doctor, makes his points with certainty, and Mr. Hugh Kelly very pleasantly represents a younger doctor whose desire to specialize is mysteriously thwarted by the state. The lesser characters are well observed and delightfully played, especially by Mr. Harry Ross as the illogical town planner, and Miss Frances Warming as the old servant.

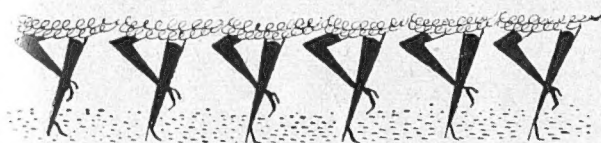
ANTHONY COOKMAN



Hope For The Best but expect the worst is the ruling mood of the family, as Mrs. Ruth Cartwright (Elspeth March) inspects the new plan for the neighbourhood. Awaiting her verdict are her father (Wyndham Goldie), her sister (Honor Blackman) and her son (Hugh Kelly)



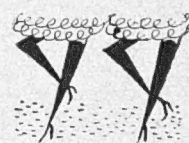
A Mixed Bag rub shoulders in this democratic play, including Mrs. Logan (Peggy Fame), Hilda (Frances Waring), Joe Field (Arthur Hambling), Dora Holt (Audrey Teesdale) and Geoffrey Webb (Tom Macaulay)



BACKSTAGE

with

Beaumont Newhall



IT will be long, I fear, before Freda Jackson is seen in *The Lady of the Camellias* in the West End. *No Room at the Inn* is such a persistent success that it is likely to remain at the Winter Garden for many months. At no time since April has it taken less than £2,800 a week.

Even when it ends Miss Jackson will have to go on playing the part of the vicious billet landlady, for she is due to film in the screen version and then to repeat the role on Broadway.

Miss Jackson finds the part physically exhausting, but she is buoyed up by the receipt of about twenty fan letters every day. Many admirers have seen the play ten times and one follower boasts of thirty visits. The execration which she earns eight times a week is a tribute to a vivid piece of acting.

FIVE years ago, after appearing in Emlyn Williams's *The Light of Heart*, Godfrey Tearle, declaring that he had played all the parts he wanted to play in a professional career which began in 1899, decided to retire from the stage and to live the simple life in Cornwall.

Like many other actors he has been lured from retirement. Ten years ago he and Edith Evans decided that they would one day act together in *Antony and Cleopatra* and he could not resist the Tennent invitation to fulfil that ambition.

The production opens at the Piccadilly on Friday

(December 20) in a setting designed by Motley on Elizabethan lines. It has been touring since October 14 with enormous success.

THE world première of *Ruth*, S. N. Behrman's adaptation of the Somerset Maugham story, has been postponed until December 30 owing to Yvonne Arnaud's film engagements. After its fortnight's season at Blackpool it is due in the West End.

WHEN Noel Coward's musical romance *Pacific—1860* opens at Drury Lane tomorrow (Thursday) first-nighters will see little trace of the extensive bomb damage of 1940, so well has the work of restoration been carried out.

It is a long time since "the Lane" had a first night. The last was in March, 1939, when Ivor Novello's *The Dancing Years* opened what promised to be one of the theatre's greatest successes. The war brought it to a premature end, but it afterwards made records at the Adelphi.

I UNDERSTAND that the score of *Romany Love*, which Jack Hylton is producing in Manchester on Monday (with George Graves and Helen Bliss from Broadway in the cast) is an amalgam of the best numbers from *The Fortune Teller* (which ran at the Shaftesbury early in the century) and of other music by that delightful Irish-American composer, Victor

Herbert who, among innumerable operettas, wrote *Naughty Marietta* and *The Red Mill* which Emile Littler hopes to bring to London during the New Year.

With memories of these scores and of *The Only Girl*, in which Fay Compton was seen during the first World War, I welcome this return of pure melody to the stage.

CONNOISSEURS of pantomime fun should note that that excellent dame, Clarkson Rose, so long a stalwart at the Lyceum, is to be seen in *Jack and the Beanstalk* at the King's, Hammersmith.

New pantomime "books" are rare in these days. Most of them are old versions brought up to date, but the Hammersmith show, which will restore the old-fashioned Transformation Scene and will be spectacular as well as funny, is a new version of the old legend written by Raymond Bennett, the Windmill comedian.

IN addition to West End and suburban pantomimes the youngsters are provided with a surfeit of riches this Christmas. As well as the shows already mentioned, *The Land of the Christmas Stocking* will be found at morning and afternoon performances at the Duke of York's; *Treasure Island* is at the Whitehall; *The Wizard of Oz* at the Winter Garden; and *The King Stag* opens the Young Vic venture at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

SELF-PROFILE



Jack Train

by

MANY, many years ago, just after the turn of yet another century, a peace was made with the Boers. A peace welcomed by all but, alas! a peace shortlived, for after only a few months of quiet, there was born into the world, in fact into Devonshire, a very young baby, who, because his mother and father happened to be called Train, he (for it was a boy son) was called Train. No longer a Train of thought, but a live howling, screaming Train, and at least, for that little family in Plymouth, Devonshire, peace no longer reigned. In due course it was decided that the child should be christened John, which was later shortened to Jack (that's their story, and I'm stuck with it).

Time passed, as it has a habit of doing, and in the sitting-room of the home of the Trains (let it not be thought this was an engine shed) the childish "Ga-ga's" suddenly took shape, and little John was heard to exclaim: no, not "Dada," or "Mama," but "I don't mind if I do" (all in one word though, mark you). No one took much notice of this phenomenon as the Trains had been speaking out of turn for years, and after all there was no ITMA in those days.

MORE time passed, and the little John grew and grew, mentally and physically, though it would appear that the physical was outpacing the mental; in fact at the age of five he could do the hundred yards in twenty-five seconds, but could count only up to twenty, which made things a little difficult, though not too bad, as, remember, at this time whisky was only 3s. 6d. a bottle (and how can anything be really bad with whisky at that price? And what's more you could get it!).

Next came school. Could this growing lad really master the three R's? Who knew? The experiment was attempted, and in all fairness to the great teaching profession, success was at last attained, and that once strong but dull boy became a thin but clever one, able at the age of ten to grapple with the mysteries of algebra, Euclid and Calculus (perhaps not Calculus at that time, but

he could add and subtract like an income tax official).

At the age of fifteen (you see he lived) he took an examination for the Royal Navy. This was just evolution, as like his father before him, and his father before him, who had both been sailors, the urge of the sea was strong and he wanted to try as many ports as he could. (No, there was no ITMA even then.) Whether or not the Navy was really short of youngsters only the records can say, but to the utter amazement of his teachers, and let it be said, all who knew him, he passed. England was saved (we were at war at that time, because this was in 1917).

Early in 1918 he entered the Navy, and if you can recall what happened in November of that year, England was saved! Need I say more.

HE remained in the Service as an engineer until a Mr. Geddes, in 1923, started to wield a very large axe. His luck didn't hold, and like so many other young, virile fellows who really wanted to make the Navy a career, he was cast into a cold and unsuspecting world. However, during his sojourn in the Navy he discovered he had a flair for entertaining his shipmates, and when he came out his one ambition was to go on the stage. This was easier said than done, as, remember, there was no Carrol Levis at that time. Eventually he became a member of the staff of the *Western Morning News*, and another milestone (I nearly said millstone!) was reached. All during this time from his early days in the Navy another responsibility was sneaking up on him. He had fallen in love with a girl, who later was to become his wife. (There is no justice.)

Came 1928, and a smoking concert. He was performing and in the audience was none other than Leslie Hore-Belisha, who asked him if he would like to go on the stage. Could a duck swim? He kept his fingers crossed, and in due course gave an audition and went into a West End show at the Duke of York's Theatre, and the newspapers of England heaved a large sigh of relief.

More time passed and the show, like all others, yes, even *Chu Chin Chow*, came to an end, and once again this now budding Dan Leno was forced into the market, which could not or would not realize what a great genius was going around looking for work. Soon the Dan Leno became Dan Leaner. Remember there was no Black Market in those days. Suddenly out of the blue a play called *Journey's End* appeared, and as a thin man was wanted to play the part of the German prisoner, John applied for the part and got it, for the tour of that play. (Proving once again that good cometh out of evil, for believe me it is evil to be short of vitamins A, B and C.)

TEMPUS continued to fugit, and he was in and out of jobs with monotonous irregularity. Realizing it was no good waiting for the wolf to come in (it had been knocking for some time) he went out the back way and got married to the lady mentioned earlier in this epistle. After all, could not two live as cheaply as one? No! With his now new wife to inspire him he manfully struggled on (with football pools always in mind) and eventually literally forced his way into radio. Came the war and ITMA. He tried to get back into the Navy, but alas they weren't calling up the grade fours, so it was ITMA. Funf, Lefty, Claude, and as many others as they were short of. Slowly the war wended its weary way, and one day Ted Kavanagh said the now famous words "I don't mind if I do." Could he have been in that house at Plymouth those many moons ago? Who knows? Anyway, one thing led to another, Another? I don't mind if I do. What did I say? "I DON'T MIND IF I DO?" Surely, this is where we came in!

And now, dear Mr. Editor. This is my very first attempt at journalism, and should you ever ask me to write another article, having re-read this, I shall be forced to say, in the words of our dear Colonel Chinstrap, whom God, Tommy Handley, Francis Worsley and Ted Kavanagh preserve, "D'you mind if I don't?"





A. Williams

The Bibulous Colonel Chinstrap

Here in person—and how well his appearance fits that fruity, slightly quavering voice—is Colonel Chinstrap, Jack Train's most celebrated character in the whole gallery he has mimed for ITMA. Nobody can utter a syllable remotely suggestive of the saloon without the gallant warrior materialising, a boon companion sure of his welcome, and even surer that the drinks will not be on him. To have created, by voice alone, a personality so distinct as the Colonel, and to have breathed (rather beerily) new life into that hoary phrase "I don't mind if I do" is Jack Train's unique achievement



Lady Anne Hunloke (right) and Mrs. Sofer Whitburn



Lord and Lady Woolton arriving for the wedding



Mr. and Mrs. Girlestone were also among the guests



Lady Caroline Waterhouse with her husband, Major Hugo Waterhouse, after the wedding. The bridesmaids were Miss Violet de Trafford, Miss Ann Waterhouse, Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill and Miss Mary Churchill. The pages were Andrew Parker-Bowles, Lord Charles Spencer-Churchill, Jeremy Clyde and Simon Parker-Bowles

LADY CAROLINE SPENCER-CHURCHILL MARRIED

Reception at Blenheim Palace

As a setting for her wedding to Major Hugo Waterhouse, Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill, second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, could not have chosen anywhere more beautiful and romantic than her family home, Blenheim Palace, in the borough of Woodstock, which is so full of history. Described in the Domesday Book as a Royal Forest, Woodstock (for the wedding gaily decorated with flags) was in early days a Royal seat. After the battle of Blenheim, the Manor of Woodstock was bestowed in perpetuity on John, Duke of Marlborough, and the present mansion, which took fifty years to build, was erected by Parliament in consideration of his military services.

LADY CAROLINE'S wedding took place in the church of St. Mary Magdalene, which was beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums. The bride, who looked charming in a classical gown of satin broché, was attended by four pages and four grown-up bridesmaids—her youngest sister, Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, her cousins, Miss Violet de Trafford and Miss Mary Churchill, and the bridegroom's sister, Miss Ann Waterhouse, wearing dresses of midnight-blue crêpe. The pages, in blue corduroy trousers with white shirts, were her younger brother Charles, Simon and Andrew Parker-Bowles, and Jeremy Clyde.

Among the ushers I saw the Duke of Rutland, the Marquess of Hartington, the Hon. Charles Mills, the Earl of Dalkeith, who is now demobilised from the Navy and up at Oxford; Mr. Tommy Clyde, Mr. James Bowes-Lyon, Major David Chetwode, Mr. Michael Tree, Lord Porchester and Mr. Derek Parker-Bowles.

The bride's elder brother, the Marquess of Blandford, who would have been an usher too, was overseas on military service and unable to attend the wedding. Another absent member of the family was the bride's uncle, Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill, who was ill.

At Blenheim, large Christmas-trees with coloured lights were a bright seasonal touch in the entrance-hall

where tenants from the Duke's estate and Capt. Charles Waterhouse's estate were entertained. The long library was used for the reception, where the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the latter in a wine-red dress with a large hat to match, received the guests with the bridegroom's parents, Capt. and Mrs. Charles Waterhouse. The guests included the bride's aunts, Lady Stanley, the Hon. Mrs. Gilmour and Lady de Trafford; the Marchioness of Hartington, Lady Anne Hunloke, Lady Willa Chetwode, just returned from her honeymoon in America and Canada; Mrs. Winston Churchill, Kathleen Marchioness of Hartington, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Anne Cavendish, Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon, whose small son was to have been a page, but had bronchitis; Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, Mrs. Parker-Bowles, Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Lady (Anthony) Meyer, wearing an attractive Edwardian hat and mink coat; her mother, Mrs. Charles Knight; Lord John Manners and his two sisters, the Hon. John Ashley Cooper, Lady Elizabeth Clyde, very pretty in cherry-red with a feathered hat; the Hon. Mollie Mills, Mr. Jack Churchill and his son and daughter-in-law Mr. and Mrs. John Churchill; Lady Lilian Grenfell and her daughters, Iris and Daphne; Lord and Lady Bicester, and Lady Dillon, looking very pretty and carrying a muff, with Lord Dillon.

OTHERS there were Lord and Lady Woolton, Capt. and Mrs. Humphrey Davis, Mrs. Michael Astor, with long feathers on her hat; Major and Mrs. Coker, Mrs. Henry Garnett, Mr. and Mrs. Girlestone, the Countess of Limerick, Mr. Ronald Tree, and Mrs. Cavendish, looking pretty in black. The bride went away in a terra cotta coloured dress under a fur coat with a hat to match for a honeymoon in the United States, where she is going to visit her elder sister, Lady Sarah Russell.

Jennifer



Miss Clarissa Churchill, younger daughter of Mr. John Churchill



Mr. Michael Tree arriving with the best man, Major Eric Penn



Mrs. Guy Millard, who wore an original turban hat



Miss Mills and Miss Hancock



Capt. and Mrs. Humphrey Davis



Mrs. Henry Garnett, Mrs. Michael Astor and Mr. Ronald Tree



The Countess of Limerick and Miss Pembroke



Viscount and Viscountess Dillon



The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough with Mrs. Winston Churchill after the ceremony



Capt. Charles Waterhouse and Mrs. Waterhouse, parents of the bridegroom, arriving



Lord Bicester, Lord Lieutenant of Oxfordshire, and Lady Bicester



The South Oxfordshire
"After the Ball" Meet

The South Oxfordshire met at Grove House, Beckley, the home of the Hon. W. and Mrs. Holland-Hibbert, on the morning after the hunt ball. The Joint-Master, Major R. G. Fanshawe, arrives with the hounds.

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

AFTER he had entertained Field-Marshal Viscount Wavell and the four Indian leaders who had flown with him to London to luncheon at Buckingham Palace, the King left London, with Sir Piers Legh in attendance, for a few days' pre-Christmas shooting at Sandringham, leaving the Queen and the two Princesses behind to complete their Christmas shopping and other preparations.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE LUNCHEON It was a welcome break for His Majesty, interrupted by the need to return to London for the last but one Investiture of the year on the following Tuesday, and the King, who never enjoys himself more than when he is at his Norfolk home with one or two of his close friends, greatly appreciated the short holiday. The Queen motored down from Buckingham Palace to join him for the week-end.

The Indian luncheon was one of the most important functions held at Buckingham Palace for a long time, and to mark its importance Queen Mary and the Princess Royal drove over from Marlborough House to be among the twenty guests who sat at one big table in the Household Drawing-Room. Besides the Governor-General (Lord Wavell is, of course, not Viceroy when he is out of India), the other guests included the Secretary for India and Burma and Lady Pethick-Lawrence, the Earl of Halifax, a former Viceroy, and the Countess of Halifax, the Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee, Sir John and Lady Anderson, and Sir Eric Miéville, who, in his days as Assistant Private Secretary to the King, was regarded as the Palace expert on Indian affairs, in view of his services with the late Earl of Willingdon at Delhi. Sir Eric, who speaks fluent Hindustani

and understands to a nicety the differing Indian viewpoints, acted as interpreter during the lunch, and helped greatly in the promotion of understanding between the four Indian representatives. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, who are making an increasing number of appearances at official functions, especially those of an Imperial character, as part of their preparation for next year's journey to South Africa, were also present.

WHEN Her Majesty paid her greatly-appreciated visit to the Stage Door Canteen, that spot in Piccadilly that has such nostalgic memories for so many thousands of ex-Service men and women of all the Allies, she was accompanied by Princess Margaret.

HER MAJESTY VISITS CANTEEN

Princess Elizabeth was, at the last moment, unable to accompany them, owing to a slight cold. Earlier in the same evening, Princess Elizabeth had been, with her sister, to the pupils' concert given by Miss Mabel Lander, their own music teacher, at Wigmore Hall, a concert at which they were both qualified to appear as performers, though the rules of Court etiquette, of course, ruled this out.

At the Stage Door Canteen such famous stage personalities as Lady Peel (Bee Lillie), Dorothy Dickson, Noel Coward, Emlyn Williams and Arthur Askey were presented to the Queen and the Princess in the Green Room after the show, which the Queen said she had thoroughly enjoyed.

H. M. THE QUEEN, looking elegant in grey, attended the dedication of the Lady Helen Graham Memorial Fund at the headquarters of the Y.W.C.A. in London, and received purses

from representatives from all parts of England, Scotland and Wales. Members of all age groups

THE QUEEN RECEIVES PURSES

in clubs and hostels have subscribed to the Fund and have raised money in a variety of ways to reach the target of £2000, which is to be used to provide bursaries for training leaders and for the development of Y.W.C.A. work in West Africa, two projects in which Lady Helen was particularly interested. Lady Helen Graham was the National President of the Y.W.C.A. of Great Britain from 1942 until her death in 1945, and had previously been president of the London Y.W.C.A. from 1936-1942.

H.M. the Queen has taken the keenest personal interest in the Fund, as not only is Her Majesty patron of the Y.W.C.A., but Lady Helen Graham was a great personal friend and was her Lady-in-Waiting from 1926-1936, when she was Duchess of York. In 1937 Lady Helen was appointed Woman of the Bedchamber to the Queen.

With Her Majesty on the platform were Mrs. Frederick Newhouse, the present National President; Lady Cynthia Colville, Mrs. Arthur Grenfell, Miss Anne Bignall, head of Y.W.C.A. training, Miss Leila Caulcrick, at present a trainee and assistant secretary-designate for Lagos, Nigeria; and Canon Eastaugh, who dedicated the purses.

Amongst those present were Lady Helen Graham's brothers, the Duke of Montrose, Lord Malise Graham and Lord Alistair Graham, with their wives, and her only sister, Lady Hermione Cameron of Lochiel. Helen Duchess of Northumberland, looking smart in black, arrived at the same time as one of Lady Helen's nephews, Sub-Lt. Ian Graham, who was in naval uniform. Others there were the Countess of Halifax,



Mounted are Col. and Mrs. W. M. Cunningham and Miss Lavinia Hibbert, while on foot are Col. H. P. T. Prideaux, Mrs. John Thorne and Mrs. Fanshawe, wife of the Joint-Master

Mrs. Winston Churchill, the Marchioness of Graham, Lady Elizabeth Motion, and Mrs. Donald Cameron of Lochiel.

Amongst those who presented the purses were Mrs. Neil from Jarrow, Mrs. Elton from Derby, Mrs. Willard from Tonbridge, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Watson, representing several districts in Scotland, Miss Major from Winchester, and the Hon. Lady Glyn, who presented a purse from friends of Lady Helen in England and Wales.

EVERYONE was sad that Mme. Massigli, president of the committee, was not well enough to attend the meeting which was held in her house for the première of *Les Enfants du Paradis*, given at the Rialto, Coventry Street, in aid of the French Hospital in London and the Société Française de Bien-

FRENCH FILM PREMIÈRE

faisance. In her absence Mme. Paris, very chic in black with a little hat of ostrich feathers, presided. H.E. the French Ambassador received the guests with Mme. Paris and attended the first part of the meeting.

The première was a very great success. Among those who came to see this film, the first of a season of French pictures to be shown at this cinema, were H.E. the French Ambassador, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, the Earl and Countess of Abingdon, Lady Abingdon looking, as usual, very chic in a short black dress under a short silver-fox coat, and two little black velvet bows in her hair. Sir Stafford Cripps was accompanied by his tall daughter, Lady Ricketts, and Cdr. Anthony Kimmins was with his very pretty wife. Mrs. John Dewar was escorted by Mr. Bill O'Brien. Others I saw were Sir Alfred and Lady Suenson-Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Eveleigh Nash and Margaretta Scott.

THE Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe gave a small party, chiefly of relations and neighbours, after the marriage of their second daughter, Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley, to the Duke of Newcastle, at the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell's charming new home in Hyde Park Crescent. It was a gay little

WEDDING RECEPTION

party which started with a fork lunch and went on until 4 p.m., when the bride and bridegroom left for their honeymoon in Cornwall. Among those there to wish the young couple every happiness were, besides her parents, the Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell, Kathleen Duchess of Newcastle, the bridegroom's step-sister, Mrs. Keith, the bride's grandmother, Maud Countess Fitzwilliam, who was looking remarkably well, her uncle and aunt, Earl Fitzwilliam and Lady Joan Philipps, her sisters, Lady Anne Bowlby and Lady Mary Stuart-Wortley, and her only brother, Viscount Carlton. The Earl of Abingdon was accompanied by the Countess, and also at the party were Lady Alexandra Bertie and Cdr. Bowlby.

LADY DANGAN gave a second cocktail-party at 28, Egerton Gardens, on Tuesday, November 26th, in connection with a ball which

is to be held at the Dorchester Hotel on December 20th, in aid of the Princess Louise Hospital for Children, Kensington. Those I met

COMMITTEE MEETING

included Mrs. Cecil Hankey, Mrs. Cecil Pilkington, Miss Grubb (at whose house the party was being held), Mr. Anthony Hanbury and Mr. Hubert Fane, both vice-chairmen of the Ball; Mrs. Quentin Craig, Miss Petronella Elliott, Mrs. Michael Benton, Miss Susan O'Donovan and her brother, Major O'Donovan, Miss Rosemary Dix-Lewis, Miss L. Bosanquet, Miss Vivian Chambers, Capt. Akroyd, Mr. Robert Heywood-Farmer and Miss Gillian White.

The Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson (deputy chairman) was wearing black, and brought her husband to the party. Among others were Miss Mollie Harper, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Foster, Mrs. James Spicer, Miss Owen Edmunds, Miss A. Bonville-Were, Mrs. Kean, Mrs. Lionel Whiteford, Miss Pease, and Capt. Turner-Bridger.

THE ballroom of the Dorchester Hotel was crowded with young dancers when Sir Algar and Lady Howard gave an excellent dance for their two pretty daughters, Elizabeth and Anne. Viscount Lascelles, who is shortly to be demobilised from the Grenadier Guards, was

SIR ALGAR AND LADY HOWARD'S DANCE

one of the guests, and another was the Earl of Gainsborough, who was dancing with Miss Phyllida Pennington, wearing blue brocade. Lord Fairfax was dancing with the hostess's daughter Elizabeth.

Miss Avril Curzon was another dancer, who looked most attractive in a plain black dress, and was partnered by Mr. David Gurney, while the Hon. Elizabeth Somers-Cocks was dancing with her fiancé, Major Ben Hervey-Bathurst.

The Earl and Countess of Radnor brought a party including Capt. Christopher Petherick and his sister Jennifer, and Lord Radnor's second daughter, Lady Belinda Pleydell-Bouverie, who was dancing with Mr. Patrick Mathews. Miss Buntly Oakley, Lady Radnor's sister, who is teaching interior decoration at Constance Spry's school at Winkfield, was also in the party. Others there were Viscount Cross, Miss Priscilla Macmichael, Lady Cecilia FitzRoy and Lady Wendy Pelham, Mr. Ashley Ponsonby and his two sisters, Lavinia and Juliet, and the Hon. Charles Stourton with his pretty sister Patricia.

At midnight a sergeant of the Scots Guards played the pipes for an Eightsome Reel and Strip-the-Willow, and amongst the enthusiastic dancers of the latter were the Earl and Countess of Scarbrough's daughters, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Anne Lumley, whilst Lady Mary Lumley, the eldest of the three sisters, looked on. Mr. Harry Graham-Vivian and Mr. Michael Scott also joined in.

Watching the dancers I saw Mr. Gerard Sandeman and his wife, his brother, Mr. Christopher Sandeman, the well-known writer and traveller, his sister, Lady Llewellyn, and Lord and Lady Newton.

Handley Page with Mr. Handley Page. They are daughters of Sir Frederick Handley Page



The Hon. Mrs. Wilfrid Holland-Hibbert, Major R. G. Fanshawe and Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy



Col. W. C. Devereux, the other Joint-Master, with the Hon. W. Holland-Hibbert, who is Viscount Knutsford's brother

An Irish

"This season has seen a good deal of interchange on the sporting field . . ."

By the time you read this article you will know whether you have been fortunate enough to obtain a turkey for your Christmas dinner. Many of the birds—and probably the best—will have come from here. Owing to a general misunderstanding, turkeys entered the threshold of Anglo-Irish and internal Irish politics. Glancing through the main editions of the London papers I have seen very little mention of how nearly the British Isles did not get turkeys from Eire.

It appears that when our Minister for Agriculture, Dr. Ryan (who is, by the way, a brother-in-law to both the President and to General Mulcahy, the leader of the Opposition) was over in England he understood that turkeys from the twenty-six counties would be sold at the same price as home-reared and Northern Ireland birds. Then Mr. Strachey announced that they would be classified as "imported" and therefore be priced with all the thin and scraggy birds that are making their way towards your dinner-table from elsewhere. We were about to withdraw all our turkeys and sell them at home under Government subsidy, when the Minister of Food relented and fixed a new price between the imported and the home price.

But the real reason for politics entering the arena was that turkeys from Eire were termed "foreign." Now there is always great discussion as to whether we from Eire are foreign or British—the answer depends, it appears, on one's own political ideas. The Government of Eire have no doubt that we are "foreign," but disliked our turkeys being classed as such. What, of course, the Government did not like was the low price for the high-quality birds, and not the nomenclature. However, it was felt that there had been a gentlemen's agreement between the two Ministers, and Mr. Strachey had gone back on his word. In that short while considerable harm was done to Anglo-Irish relations, which are in nearly every respect improving.

Galway Rugger

WHILE on the subject of Anglo-Irish relations, this season has seen a good deal of interchange on the sporting field, especially on the Rugby football ground. For instance, the English fifteen known as the Vikings, captained by Kenneth Fyfe and including English, Scottish and Welsh internationals, went to Galway to play against the Galwegians. The English team were beaten by 6 points to 3 points, but judging from what our visitors told me, they left with a very high regard for Irish hospitality and sportsmanship. The Galwegians met the visitors off the mail boat and showed them all they could of our country in a week-end. This match, which was particularly good in the second half, with some fine team work by the Galway forwards and some skilful handwork by the Vikings, gave a great boost to Rugby football in the west. Naturally, Gaelic games such as hurley are the most popular and best understood by the people. Unfortunately, these games are limited to our own shores, and it is only in Rugby and Association football that we can pit our talent and skill on an international field.

The Vikings came to Galway as their manager, Mr. Frank Lyall, is a native of Clifden, the capital of Connemara. He made the arrangements with Mr. Henry St. Leger Blake—one of the representatives of the tribes of Galway who is president of the Galwegians. Mr. Lyall is in Cable and Wireless, which is appropriate, as



F. J. Goodman

Lady Rose

Lady Rose, who writes under the name of Dorothy Carrington, publishes this Christmas her first important book, *The Traveller's Eye*. It deals with all types of English travellers in all ages from buccaneers to Cecil Beaton via fashionable eccentrics, determined lady globe-trotters, Ambassadors and slave-traders. She did the historical research during the last two years of the war when she was working a night shift in a factory, and also assembled a collection of curious and fantastic illustrations from museums and libraries. She had previously written short historical studies and children's books.

Lady Rose, who studied English literature at Lady Margaret Hall, and afterwards travelled extensively, is the daughter of the late Major-Gen. Sir Frederick Carrington, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., commander of the Carrington Horse which played a great role in the Matabele wars. In 1943 she married Sir Francis Rose, Bt., the artist and traveller. They live in Chelsea

Commentary

"... Voices and noises were heard there, especially the noise of the whirlwind"

the first transatlantic cable came into Clifden, and it was, incidentally, near here that Alcock and Brown landed after their flight. Mr. Lyall has been in England since World War One, when he was in the Royal Navy. In the last war he was in the R.A.F. and he hopes shortly to return home.

Geographical Note

DURING some of my articles, I have made references to the Provinces of Ireland, as opposed to the Counties. Some readers have asked me to differentiate and explain this. Ireland is divided into four provinces, and formerly five—the Province of Meath being now absorbed into Leinster. The provinces are Ulster, Munster, Connaught and Leinster. They are corruptions of the names of chief people who inhabited them, with in three cases the old Norse word "staor"—a "steading"—added on to the end. During the centuries the boundaries of these kingdoms fluctuated and altered with conquests, but in the end they rested on physical boundaries, such as watercourses. The Shannon, for instance, divided Connaught from Leinster. Within the provinces there are thirty-two counties, which are named after the principal town or territory included in the county. In English the names are usually corruptions of the ancient name, although in two cases the counties have reverted to their original ones in recent years. This is the case of Offaly (Ui Failghe) and Leix (Laighis), which were known from late medieval times as King's and Queen's County after Mary Tudor and Philip II. of Spain.

The administration of the local government is based on the county, but, perhaps owing to our small population, most of us are Province conscious.

Walt Disney's Visit

WALT DISNEY, after a rush visit to Ireland, has left us. As he seems to have spent most of the time giving interviews to the Press and his stay was brief, I fear he may not have in a few days studied our folklore and traditions about the Good People very fully.

Only the other day I visited a Rath Lisheen na Shinawn, known locally as the "Fort of the Fairy Wind." It is a small mound hollowed in the centre so as to make a small bank all around. In the last century the local people firmly believed that the fairies lived there, and there is often talk of voices and noises heard here, especially the noise of the whirlwind.

I notice that Disney visited Professor Delargy of the Folklore Commission in Dublin, run under Government auspices. He certainly went to the main source of information, but those who have studied folklore all their life still find an unending crop of legends and tradition. I shall watch with interest what Mr. Disney produces, for certainly there is great scope here for his particular film technique, and he may well be able to pass on a great deal of Irish lore which otherwise might only remain within our shores. At the same time he is dealing with a very difficult subject. I wonder did Mr. Disney read the poems of the late Francis Ledwidge, the Irish poet who was killed in 1916. He wrote:

What are we but fairies too,
Living but in dreams alone,
Or, at the most, children still,
Innocent and overgrown?

MICHAEL KILLANIN



Major and Mrs. L. A. C. Vigors, of Tullamaine Castle, Fethard, Co. Tipperary, with their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Vigors. Major Vigors is a prominent supporter of Irish racing



Miss Nanette Greacen, from Canada, with Miss Anne Patton and Mrs. T. J. Gilmartin



Mr. George Beeby (left) and Mr. and Mrs. C. Wilson were among the English buyers



Miss Martha Butler, a daughter of Lord Arthur Butler, the Countess of Fingall and Major and Mrs. John Alexander, who are both ex-Masters of the Limerick Hounds

Dublin Bloodstock Sales

So many horses were for sale at this year's annual bloodstock sales at Ballsbridge that it had to be extended to six days. The highest price was the 4500 guineas paid by Mr. E. Magner for Mr. C. P. Corbett's seven-year-old gelding Mountain Cottage



Entente Cordiale at the Eiffel Tower

Four air stewardesses were on duty as representatives at the joint stand of the British Air Corporations at the recent Aviation Exhibition in Paris. They also had an opportunity during their spare time to explore the city, and visited such places as the Arc de Triomphe, the bookshops on the Seine bridges, and boulevard cafés. They are seen chatting with a French girl near the Eiffel Tower. The stewardesses in tricorne hats are from British European Airways, and the other two represent B.O.A.C. and British South American Airways

Priscilla of Paris...

Back from the South

I RETURNED from Nice via St. Tropez, where I spent twenty-four hours at the Aioli, one of the pleasantest hotels I have yet known. It stands half-way up the hill that leads to the Citadel, and while the ground floor overlooks the garden, with its mimosa and orange-trees and the picturesque *lavoir*, where the local housewives wash their linen from morn till night, the upper windows have a wonderful view over the bay and the mountains.

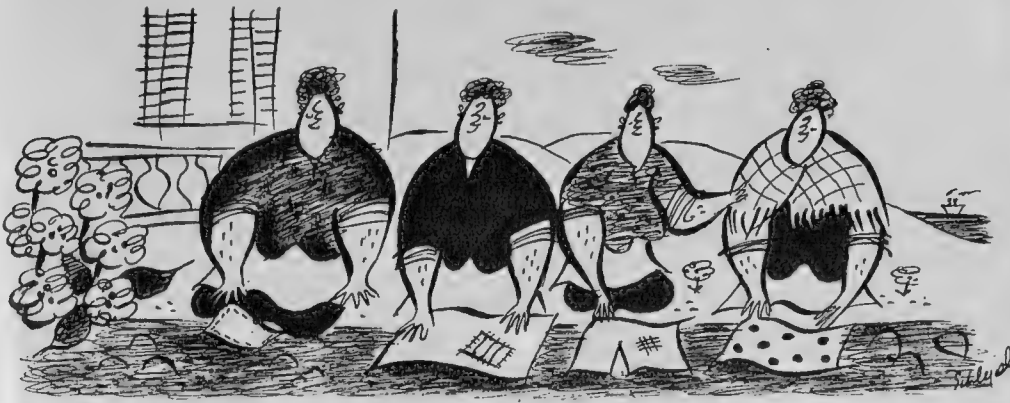
In all the rooms shower-baths have been built into the thick walls, which are whitewashed and thus form a perfect background for the period pieces, *style rustique*, with which the whole place is furnished. Old prints decorate the walls. Bed-spreads and curtains are done in plain gay colours, or in ancient *toile de Jouy*, and there are thick rugs on the red-brick floors. It was still too warm for central heating, but at dusk a log fire burned on the big, open

hearth in the dining-room, bright with flowers and old plates and dishes on the walls.

St. Tropez has been badly damaged, and its war scars are still apparent. As this is the slackest time of the year, many of the well-known restaurants and bars on the water-front are closed or undergoing repairs and alterations. Philippe Tallien's famous antique shop—next door to the equally famous confectioner, Senéquier—is getting a new coat of paint along with its new windows, and by the time the Christmas crowd arrives, everything ought to be shipshape. We called upon "Mado" at the Escale and found her juggling with bottles and shaker as of old. We got there rather late for a pre-luncheon cocktail, and when a sniff of the *soupe de poisson* that was being served came our way, we would have stayed had we not ordered lunch elsewhere. The *Bateau Ivre*, alas, was closed, but we climbed

up to La Ponche, where we savoured a *pastis* (an excellent substitute for the rarely obtainable absinthe) and watched a few cars try to negotiate the unnegotiable double turn through the arches of the old tower that stand on the corner of the *place*.

THE run from Nice to St. Tropez by the winding coast road is very lovely as far as St. Raphael, but from there close your eyes and let the other chap do the driving (if you trust him), only opening them again when you get to the winding, picturesque streets of St. Tropez itself. I intended to make the return journey to Paris with only one night out, but a stupid mishap queered my plans. On the farther side of Avignon I stopped for petrol, and after 30 litres had been pumped into the tank, discovered that my petrol coupons were no longer in my pocket-book.



The expression on the Petrol Pump Lady's face was eloquent. She so obviously thought it was a put-up job. We wondered whether the police station at Avignon would be as comfortable as that of Aix. However, a long-distance call to St. Tropez arranged matters. I had left the coupons at their pay desk, and we sadly returned to l'Hôtel d'Europe at Avignon to await their arrival. It was Monday, all the museums and shops were closed, and the cinema only opened at 5 p.m., on account of the electricity cut. Happily the cocktail bar was open (I seem to have done quite a lot of drinking this trip). *Bien* also was the food at l'Europe. A certain *soufflé maison* was pluperfect . . . but so was the bill. By eight o'clock next morning we were leaning against the door-posts, staring up and down the street, waiting for the *facteur* who brought the letter that set us free.

Next stop: Saulieu, where the Hôtel de la Côte d'Or has come into its own again after having been thoroughly gutted by the Occupants. Quite a few British aviators know this hotel, for the proprietors smuggled many lost lads into the annexe, where they themselves lived, and from there to a nearby *maquis*. Here also the food and service were excellent. It was also most reasonable in price.

THE delay at Avignon prevented me from attending the First Night of the Old Vic Company in Laurence Olivier's production of *King Lear*, at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées. It must have been a wonderful evening judging by the dithyrambic outpourings of the theatre *courrieristes* of the daily Press, and the more dignified and erudite articles of the critics who were, without exception, whole-heartedly admiring. Every night the huge theatre was packed but, thanks to the courtesy of the Old Vic Press representative, Mr. David Fairweather, I was able to get a chair in the gangway at the back of the dress circle. Even at that distance I was able to hear every word and, although the lighting plant at the Champs-Élysées is not so good as at the Old Vic, see every detail of décor, costume and *mise-en-scène*. I realise what a strain these performances must have been for the actors. The immense and unfamiliar stage, the yawning orchestra pit that gazes darkly between the first row of the stalls and the footlights. How they must have hated the late hours that Paris managements so mistakenly delight in; it must have been most disconcerting to the members

of the Old Vic Company to see so many people stealing regretfully away, before the final curtain fell, in order to catch their last bus or Metro.

I had the pleasure of meeting some of the leading members of the company at a party given by Captain and Mrs. David Howell, of the British Council, including Miss Margaret Leighton (Paris has waxed lyrical over her "sinuous and lovely grace"), Pamela Brown, with her gorgeous red-brown hair, and dainty little Joyce Redman, looking lovely in black; Peter Copley, whom I hardly recognised on the stage when I saw him with his well-proportioned forehead hidden under the dark thatch of a wig; Alec Guinness, who is so moving in the part of the Fool, and Nicholas Hannen, who arrived just as I was leaving, and whom I badly want to see again . . . but then I want to see them all again, and in modern plays as well as *les classiques*.

And then, of course, there was Laurence Olivier himself. Vivid and young and vital as his film fans know him and yet able, in the overwhelming rôle of the King, to create the effect of great age not only in appearance but in every intonation. What work lies behind the apparent simplicity and directness of his acting. To boil down the long eulogies of the critics to one little sentence:

This is Shakespeare . . . with no d—d messing about.

Voilà!

● Last summer, during the gay and sunny season at St. Tropez, many glad, mad parties took place on soft, breathless, moonlight nights. A British ship came to anchor in the quiet waters of that part of the world, and the officers were invited to one of the gladdest and maddest of these affairs. The host was an individual famous for his good looks. After dinner, when he and his guests came out of the lovely old house in which he dwells and lavishly entertains, he saw that the ship was brightly illuminated. He tripped up to the Captain and playfully rapped him on the arm. "Oh, Captain, dear," he cried, "you've left all your lights on! How naughty!"

"WHAT?" gasped the Captain . . . and nobody dared giggle.



Jacques Pells and Lucienne Boyer, who have recently returned from America, were among those who went to the party

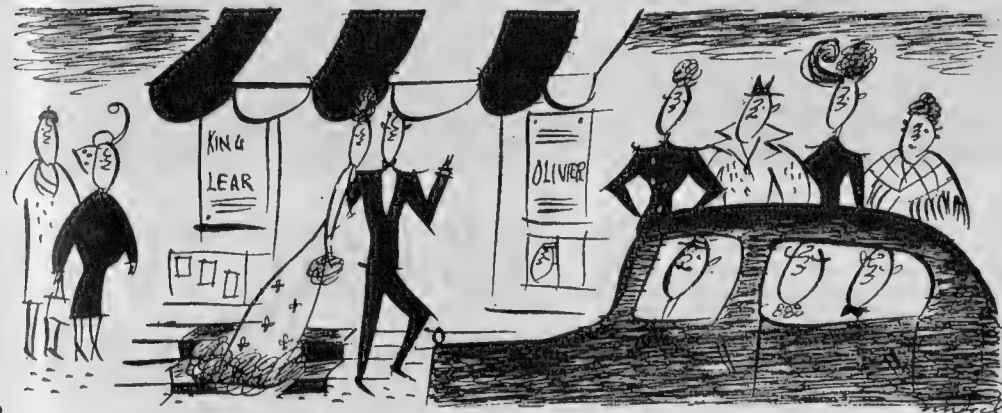


Joyce Redman, Pamela Brown and Margaret Leighton, who take the part of the three sisters in "King Lear," arriving at the club



Laurence Olivier receiving a membership card of the Club des Champs-Élysées, when an evening party was given there for the Old Vic Company during their visit to Paris

The Old Vic Company at
a Paris Club





RODERICK JONES, who takes the part of the sinister police chief Scarpia in the production opening to-night, comes from Ferndale, South Wales, and was once a miner. He was trained at the Royal Academy of Music and had operatic experience at the Wells for about ten years. During the war he served in the Navy. He was for a time one of the Vicar's Choral at St. Paul's. The last performance of *Tosca* in London, also at the Wells, was on the afternoon of September 7th, 1940, when the docks were bombed. In the present production, by Dennis Arundell with decor by Michael Whittaker, the part of Mario Cavaradossi is taken by James Johnston and that of Cesare Angelotti by Ivor Evans

**TWO OF THE ST
AT SADDLE**



Photographs by Angus McBean

RS IN "TOSCA" 'S WELLS

VICTORIA SLADEN, who has been three years with Sadler's Wells, is a Londoner and was trained in London and Berlin. Before taking up the stage as a career she was a shorthand-typist. Her part of Tosca is one of the most exacting on the operatic stage, and as in Sardou's play, in which Sarah Bernhardt made a sensation, requires high dramatic as well as vocal ability. London audiences will have the unique opportunity of being able to compare two simultaneous productions of the opera, for it is also being staged by the Cambridge Theatre company. *Tosca* was first produced in Rome, London and Buenos Ayres in 1900 and with *La Bohème* has maintained Puccini's reputation through all changes of fashion

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...



IF Scottish grouse are (as airmen report) fooling the guns by flying out to sea in large numbers and committing mass-suicide, it's not very surprising: It's a nobler end for a Highland bird than being blown into tiny pieces by Black Market millionaires.

During a recent Highland itinerary we gathered that gillies nowadays drop where they stand and die like stoics. In the Edwardian era, when the first crack of the gutturals was heard on the moors, they skipped nimbly behind rocks, but fatalism now reigns over mountain and glen, and the *taisk*, the loud cry of the doomed heard beforehand by Highlanders gifted with the "second hearing," is a nightly commonplace. "Hark! That is the *taisk* of Black Dugald," mutters the old bogle-wife crouching by the turf fire. "She (*sic*) will be pipped tomorrow, whateffer." The crone will then burst into a wild Gaelic lament called *The Death-Song of Dugald the Black on Getting His Packet From Mr. Weisenheim*:

O my grief on the red hills,
O far-sounding eagles, where is your prey?
Nor Gormal's massy towers, nor Starno shall
Dugald more behold;
Death wanders over his fiery soul!
Sell out, sell out at 48! (etc.).

Footnote

YOU ask, justly, if this song does not annoy Black Dugald as he champs his bannock in the ingle. It does, as his murmurs of "Oh, shut up, Auntie, you neurotic hag," indicate. He may add irritably: "And why the hell do you say 'she' when you mean 'he'?" It's an old Gaelic custom, like refusing any tip under a fiver. Meanwhile, the grouse are all flying out to sea, and who shall blame them, except Fortnum and Mason?

Romp

"STRAIGHT from the dear old gym," remarked an evening-paper critic of one of the more vigorous sweethearts in a recent Covent Garden revival of *Carnaval*. If he meant it as a compliment, this department is with him, egad.

A healthier note in ballet (much of which is the work of Continental absinthe-addicts) would result if a lot of big freshfaced muscular girls were to swarm up ropes in, say, *Les Sylphides*, apart from swinging on the parallel-bars. If they tore the *danseur noble* in half during a general rough-house later on it would also enable the serious critics to use more esoteric jargon than they do already.

"... sheer re-entrant dynamism, or rather, on such a vortical plane, a plasto-Roedeaneque sculptural synthesis of stribulous and recessive art-forms..."

Reterring of course to the eminent French sculptor Roedean, whose famous monumental nude, incorrectly known as *Le Penseur*, shows a typical Heathfield Rugger-half slowly recovering after touching down an unconverted try against Wycombe Wanderers. Roedean greatly feared and admired athletic British public-school girlhood, and chiselled many a colossal marble horse from it. As Yeats remarked sadly on meeting a huge old muscle-bound Roedean girl in her dotage:

There is grey in your hair;
Young men no longer suddenly catch their trains
When you are passing...

A bit more wholesome terror in ballet, that's what Art needs.



Whimsy

MR. WALT DISNEY's elfin idea of chasing leprechauns in Ireland has so far proved utterly fruitless, like most elfin ideas. Might Mr. Disney meet better fortune with the fairies in Kensington Gardens?

One doubts it, alas. Barrie himself had no luck in that direction. At the peak of his triumphal and enchanting career, you may remember, one of his most influential adorers had a terribly dainty and elfin inspiration, namely getting somebody in Whitehall to give Barrie a private key to the Gardens, all his very own, so that he could steal in on the fairies after closing-time whenever he felt inclined. The whimsy quickly evaporated. Bureaucracy

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A GROUP of Shakespearean actors of doubtful financial standing were lounging in the bar of a small village inn. The manager entered, and addressed the leading actor: "Don't forget we're playing *Romeo and Juliet* to-night."

"*Romeo and Juliet*, eh?" replied the leading man. "I can't possibly play *Romeo* with three days' growth. Give me a bob for a shave."

The manager was staggered. "A bob! Cut it out. We'll play *Macbeth*."

"WHAT'S this I hear, Flight-Lieutenant? I'm told you were so drunk last night that you pushed a wheelbarrow through the native quarter. Is that the way to keep up our prestige with these people?"

"You ought to know, sir. You were in the barrow."

TWO golfers were playing a ding-dong match, into the exciting spirit of which even the caddies had entered.

Going to the last hole all-square, one man sliced badly while the other had an equally wild pull. The first man found himself in a jungle. His first niblick shot raised a huge divot and moved the ball about 6 ft. He took turf with his second effort also, but got the ball well away.

"By the way," he said, as he replaced the second divot, "what happened to the other clod?"

"Oh," said the caddie, "he's playing out of a bunker."

S AID the lady, shaking hands with the preacher after the service: "Wonderful sermon! Everything you said applies to somebody or other I know."

THE composer, Maurice Ravel, was an enthusiastic collector of rare books and prints, fine porcelains and other *objets d'art*. In his study, occupying a place of honour on a pedestal, stood his most treasured possession—a ball of smoked crystal, which he invariably pointed out to his friends with great pride.

"Maurice," his guests would whisper in awe, "where did you get it? It's exquisite!"

"You really think so?" he would answer modestly. "Well, it's just a burned-out electric bulb."

TWO old maids were discussing men. Asked one: "Which would you desire most in a man—brains, wealth or appearance?"

"Appearance," replied the other, "and the sooner the better."

was not in roguey-poguey mood. Bureaucracy, one gathers, was inclined to hum-ha, and to lay down rather boring and humiliating conditions, such as formal guarantees of good behaviour in the Royal Parks, and what-not. The private key was eventually granted, but not before Barrie was sick of the whole business. And he met no fairies, so far as we know; not even Peter Pan, except—later—in the shape of Frampton's charming little statue, which so infuriated certain earthy-minded booky boys owing to the publicity-stunt involved (so they said).

Afterthought

IF the fairies didn't parade for Barrie we doubt if they'd show a leg for Disney, an ambassador from a country where fairies are practically non-existent outside Greenwich Village (N.Y.) and the theatre-racket. As for the leprechauns of the Gaeltacht, Mr. Disney might as well try to muscle into a hosting of the Sidhe. Cross-eyed and heartscalded we are with wishing that boyo luck, nevertheless.

Quest

WHEN the BBC boys offered Third Programme addicts the song-cycle called "The Beautiful Milleress"—*Die Schöne Müllerin*, words by Wilhelm ("Dusty") Müller, music by Schubert—the other night, we listened suspiciously for Government propaganda in favour of perpetual bread-rationing, having been assured by a high Min. of Food nark that this had been cleverly arranged.

There is little actual milling in *Die Schöne Müllerin*, which shows us Herr Müller, a poet, making passes at a miller's charming wife and trying to lure her up to town to see his etchings, in 20 songs. Our German being elementary, we detected no Food Ministry propaganda anywhere. If it was there, it must have come after the mid-cycle break (*Pause*), when Herr Müller thought up a good new line with *Mit dem grünen Lautenbände* ("Listen, Baby, I Know J. Arthur Rank—Maybe I Could Get You on the Films"). The gay deceiver might just as well have confined the conversation to bread, we thought. Plainly he was getting nowhere. After his twentieth song, *Des Baches Wiegenlied* ("Well, What About a Cosy Little Bite Together Somewhere?") the sweet but wary milleress evidently dropped him a mocking curtsey and retired, slamming the mill-door in his face. *Nichts!* Dusty, you're out.

Just a fragrant old-timey romance of the pre-Hitler German springtime. Today the miller's wife would appear in dungarees and hit "Dusty" Müller with a spanner. Singing to those floury nopsies is sheer waste of time, as Tennyson knew. What they like is *jewellery*.

Ordeal

A SAVAGE attack on our Test heroes for slow batting—maybe it's only beri-beri—by a frantic citizen who says this sleepwalking will be the death of the grand old game reminded us of a frightful dream we had once at Nottingham during a Test match. As we went in (we dreamed) to bat for England we found we were wearing our best evening trousers, with red silk braces. The whole thing was in the first person and in rhyme, which made it worse.

THE little daughter had been to Sunday school for the first time. On her return, the mother asked her what she had learned.

"Oh, mummy," she said, "they told us such a lovely story. It was all about a Mr. Adam and a Miss Eve. They were having a lovely time under the apple-tree when the servant came and disturbed them."

SMITH is a young lawyer, clever in many respects, but very forgetful. He had been sent to interview an important client, when the head of his firm received this telegram: "Have forgotten name of client. Please wire at once."

The reply was a masterpiece of sarcasm. It ran: "Client's name Jenkins. Your name Smith."



"Surely the Board of Trade will grant an import licence for a limited number of coconuts"

A shudder shook the horsefaced crowd,
Their whinnies rose shrill and loud,
The MCC turned ashy-gray,
Lord Hawke began to sob and pray,
The Aussies with their cruel faces
Howled like demons at my braces . . .
I said: "Look here, is something wrong?
Why all this fuss from the equine throng?"
The umpire said: "O shameful day!
Archbishop Fry has passed away,
He gave one lep, he gave one start,
Your blasted pants has broke his heart."
I said: "Oh, dear, how simply frightful!
I thought he'd find them quite delightful!"
So, stifling my private thoughts,
I ran straight back and changed to shorts.

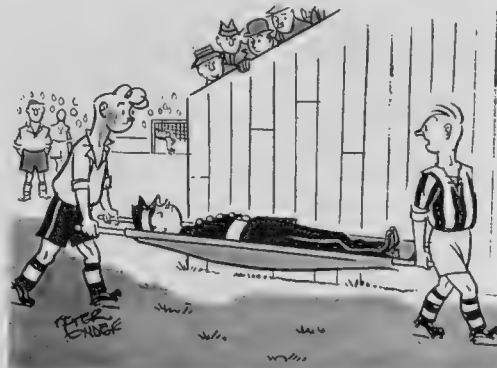
That was not all. When we ultimately got to the wicket we found a vampire drinking our blood. "Owzat, vampire?" cried the heartless Aussies. Who should stride out of the Pavilion at that moment and knock hell out of everybody but—who do you think? Debenham and Freebody in person. We then woke up with a yell.

Warning

HINTING darkly the other day that he is surrounded by jealous and powerful enemies but that they shall never take him alive, a bellicose provincial mayor (Soc.) needn't worry, we thought. Statistics taken over the last 1000 years show that 99.9 per cent. of all mayors die in their beds, very beautifully and mourned by all.

About the only exception we can remember is the Alcalde of Torrejón de Ardoz, near Madrid, who, as every lover of Goya is aware, was tossed by a bull which broke out of the village arena. He died superbly, from Goya's point of view; that is to say, the bull and the Alcalde exactly balanced the mass of spectators.

Mayors are perfectly safe so long as they do not, like the late President Félix Faure, make themselves slightly ridiculous by behaving like newly-anointed Kings. This kind of *hubris* is very offensive to Heaven, as the embarrassing end of that President demonstrates. We hate having to adopt this lecturing tone.



"Lots of people are the same . . . perfectly all right until they see blood"



Houston Rogers

Leonard Sachs

South African-born Leonard Sachs is not only well known as an actor, but his name will always be associated with the founding of an original and extremely successful theatrical enterprise, the Players' Theatre, through which many successful young actors and producers have had their initial chance. Leonard Sachs founded the Players' Theatre with Peter Ridgeway in Covent Garden in 1937, and was its producer until it moved to Albemarle Street in 1940. He then served in the Forces for four years, and on being invalided out resumed directorship. Ridgeway's *Late Joys* became so popular that the Club moved to the Forum in Villiers Street, a bigger theatre with a larger stage. They have produced *The Cave and the Garden* and *The Admirable Mrs. Luke* this year, and on December 23rd they are putting on *Cinderella*

Turf Personalities at the Newmarket December Sales



Mr. Scrope and Mr. Jack Clayton, who were talking to the Duke of Norfolk (right)



Lord Willoughby de Broke and Mr. Jack Leach, the trainer



Major H. Fleming and Mr. R. J. Colling



Some of the members of the Commission from Sweden who were over here buying horses for the Swedish Government: Major Nicholls, Mr. Olsson, Major Stiernsward and Mr. Gustafson

Saboteur PICTURES

THE Free Handicaps are the Jockey Club official's considered and expert opinion as to which of the season's three-year-olds is the best over $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and which of the season's two-year-olds is the best over 7 furlongs—nothing more. The former assessments are not his official tip for next year's Gold Cup, the big target of all classic winners, and the two-year-old weights are not his selections for the Two Thousand, One Thousand, Derby and Oaks!

They have a slight bearing upon what may happen in the first two of these four races over 1 mile; hardly any bearing upon either the Derby or the Oaks over $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and absolutely none upon the Leger over 1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards; yet sometimes in the past the hard-working handicapper has been criticised as if he were dealing with form over 1 mile and $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and even the longer journey at Doncaster. This has been both egregious and captious, yet, as we know, has induced quite a number of people to open a fusillade, of which the more prudent amongst us take no notice at all.

Where this season's two-year-olds are concerned the publication of the weights must always arouse speculation, but that is all that it can ever do, for no one can know how even the best performer over 6 and 7 furlongs will face up to a winter and short commons. It is, and it will ever continue to be, just a case of *tot homines*, with A as fully entitled to his opinion that the colt that has won the Gimcrack, the Champagne, the Middle Park or the Dewhurst is a certainty, as is B to his that none of these races has proved anything; and C to his that neither of the former two gentlemen knows anything, and that the one he saw win at Ascot, or Hurst, or Salisbury will make seaside donkeys of the whole boiling of them, and, furthermore, has the Leger in his pocket!

It is all very intriguing and amusing to those who have a streak of humour in their natures. Incidentally, C was right this season. He picked Airborne. I wonder what this far-seeing gentleman has marked down this season. We are quite unlikely to know until after the winner has passed the post at Epsom.

A Painstaking Effort

CRITICISM has ever been as easy as Art has been difficult, but I think that all fair-minded people will agree that Mr. G. H. Freer has done a good all-round job, and that it may be proved yet once again that he who never makes a mistake never makes anything at all. Where the three-year-olds are concerned there can be no dissentient voice about Airborne's superiority to all the other English and Irish colts that have been on parade, and his great defeat by Soverain, the French invader, does not deprive him of his title to the British Championship.

Incidentally, there was more than one opinion about the King George VI. Stakes, and mine was one of them; but as every owner is entitled to plot the career of his own horse, it is no business of mine to ventilate it. This much can be said, however, without rubbing anyone's fur up the wrong way: I do not believe that that defeat put Airborne out of court for the Gold Cup, French challenger or no French challenger. I rate Airborne so much superior to any of the other three-year-olds of 1946 that it seems hardly necessary to go even one step farther, but I believe that gallant little Gulf Stream is somewhat flattered by being rated only 5 lbs. his inferior at $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

The Young Blood

THE first criticism that has been fired at Mr. Freer's two-year-old list is that it has flattered Petition by putting him in only 2 lbs.



Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort going through the catalogue with Mr. Bellamy



Colonel and Mrs. Corcott, of the Abberly Stud, Worcester

Colonel and Mrs. Berwicke and Colonel
Harold Boyd-RochfortMajor and Mrs. C. R. Reynard and
Mr. Patton

IN THE FIRE

below Tudor Minstrel. How so? It is true that when Tudor Minstrel won his last race of the season, the 5 furlongs National Breeders Produce Stakes at Ascot on July 20th, he made it a procession, and that he had Migoli, the subsequent Dewhurst winner, well behind him fourth, and that the 4 lengths could have been as many more as Gordon Richards chose to make it; but Petition won the Gimcrack with equal ease, knocking two most promising ones, Sayajirao and Wet Bob, clean over the ropes, and I suggest that he may have had a much better field behind him than had Tudor Minstrel.

I shall continue so to believe until I see it proved to the contrary. Migoli may be a smasher, but there are a good many people who believe that Sayajirao is. This Nearco colt, handsome as paint, was still in the hobbledehoy stage, and it is most probable that we shall see him pretty near the front next season. Petition has also the Champagne Stakes to his credit. I do not therefore think that Mr. Freer is out even one ounce in his calculation where these colts, Tudor Minstrel and Petition, are concerned, but this may not be so where another one is.

Next season it is quite possible that it may take the best of them all their time to beat Nebuchadnezzar. He is rated 11 lbs. inferior to Tudor Minstrel over 7 furlongs. When he won the 6 furlongs New Ham Foal Stakes on July 30th by a neck from Tite Street, Saravan, the subsequent Middle Park winner, was 4 lengths astern. In the "Two-Year-Olds Derby" Saravan won by a neck from Merry Quip, and Nebuchadnezzar was only a neck behind the second. In the Free Handicap Mr. Freer says that Saravan is 1 lb. better than Nebuchadnezzar and Tite Street 4 lbs. better than Saravan, which latter colt, incidentally, is English- and not French-bred.

Anyway, we shall know all about it when we get there. The next appearance of all these young stars is still quite a long way off, and no one can know which is going to stand up the best to some possibly very hard times ahead. One word more: it is as well to consider that Tudor Minstrel's early retirement is bound to leave us a bit in the air. I entirely agree with the policy of not knocking a young one about, and Mr. Dewar, I hope, will reap his reward.

A Hunting Query

IT is astounding in what unlikely places an interest can be found in the sport of fox-hunting, even in these times when so many people believe that a gun is a better weapon than a pack of hounds. In a London club, justly famed for the concentrated wisdom of its members, but where even the youngest waiter (a mere boy of seventy-five) does not know what a cocktail is, a distant relative, who most kindly asked me to lunch, put this poser to me in a praiseworthy effort, no doubt, to talk down to my level: "And how long does it take you on an average to run to ground?" The temptation to parry this with: "How long is a piece of string?" was almost irresistible. My host is an ex-Senior Wrangler, and I understand once contemplated climbing Mount Everest, but abandoned the idea on account of his corns.

Another rather awkward question, not encountered, I hasten to add, at my relative's club, was whether St. Andrew invented the Eton Wall Game, and whether that is why the Tugs and the Oppidans pick on his day for their most strenuous and muddy battle. I said "No." The real object of the game, of course, is—or perhaps it would be better to say may be—to push that wall down. The rules are very complicated for any layman, and even the most erudite Etonian may not know them well.

However, it was quite certain that St. Andrew did not invent this game, never played it, and was not at Eton. There is always the possibility that the famous Roman wall builder, one Balbus, may have been the real inventor.

Scoreboard



"ARE modern cricketers more polite?" Were I and this subject to go substitute at the Women's Institute next Friday, I should speak in favour of the Motion, exercising that freedom of judgment, and independence of you-know-what, which was once the balm and glory of the older Women's

Institute at Westminster.

Politeness is a relative term (see Joad *passim*, and if you must). The great Bill Bestwick (1876-1938), fast bowler of Derbyshire, who, in moments of disappointment, could dry a wet wicket with a single phrase, passed among his companions of the Peak as a man of irony and understatement. Yet when I recall Yorkshire Macaulay's remarks, homely but lucid, as I off-drove him to long-leg at dreamy Taunton, or my own captain's Hymn to the Sun when he grassed a little ballooner at very silly-point, I recognise the large utterance of the early gods.

AS to action, the father and child of speech, here again the Victorians have it. A few months after Disraeli had brought back Peace with Honour from Berlin, Lord Harris, captain of the M.C.C. team in Australia, was escorted off the field by two of his principal professionals, George Ulyett and Tom Emmett, who flourished cricket stumps in lieu of truncheons. A *faux pas*, in the wrong direction, by an umpire from Melbourne "had incensed the crowd, who invaded the field of play."

His Lordship took a smartish knock from a local, who was at once tackled by A. N. Hornby, vice-captain of M.C.C. Hornby, a Rugby international, was soon provided with all the ingredients of the handling Code except the ball. He carried his victim, like a sack of eels, into the pavilion. According to one report, this deportee, when reassembled, turned out to be an innocent but shortsighted corn-chandler, who, having arrived late, thought that the match was over and that Lord Harris was being cheered off the field.

Be that as it may, the Australians set sail for England that winter; but, by an old-fashioned oversight, they had neglected to arrange a fixture list or, indeed, to enquire whether their visit would be welcome. So, by the end of August they had taken part in only five matches against teams of eleven. After nearly seventy years, pity still warms to their plight. Goodwood and Cowes were over; London was empty; Parliament in recess; Mr. Gladstone shooting at Lord Beaconsfield; the stockbrokers, with less result, at the grouse.

THEY were rescued by Lord Harris, who undertook to raise an England team. A. N. Hornby declined his invitation; Ulyett and Emmett also said what they'd be before they played. But the three Graces turned out, E. M., W. G. and G. F.

England made 420, the Champion scoring 152. Australia answered with 149. Following on, they lost 8 for 187. George Alexander, the Australian manager, whose batting average up to this match was 2.5, helped his captain, W. L. Murdoch, to add 52. The last wicket put on 88. Murdoch was 153 not out, one of the greatest efforts in recorded cricket. G. F. Grace, who died two weeks later, caught G. J. Bonnor off the highest catch ever. England, needing 57 to win, staggered home by 5 wickets.

And that, my merry masters, was the first Test Match in England between the Lion and the Kangaroo.

R. G. Roberts Glasgow.

Sir Eric Ohlson, owner of Dante, last year's Derby
winner, and Mr. Teddie Lambton, the trainerMrs. Peyton Jones (right) with her daughter Peggy
and the Earl of Derby's stud groom, James Kent



Lord Horder with Mr. G. Dick-Read at a cocktail party recently given by William Heinemann, Ltd.



Mr. J. B. Priestley shaking hands with Lord Moyne, who has written novels and poems



Lady Gorell with Mr. Frere (centre) and Lord Gorell. Mr. Somerset Maugham was also there

Guests at a Publishers' Cocktail Party in London

BOOKS

REVIEWED by ELIZABETH BOWEN

THE revival of Anthony Trollope was one phenomenon of the war years. True, Trollope had been "coming in" for some time, but it took war to establish him, once again, as a definite need of the British reader. Could his novels have been reprinted fast enough to supply the demand for them he would, I suppose, have topped the best-seller list. As it was, that very state of affairs which was to make Trollope popular cheated him, posthumously, of large returns. Returns which, could he have envisaged them in his lifetime, would have made his honest, practical eyes twinkle with satisfaction behind their spectacles.

Diagnosing the Trollope vogue, fishing up reasons for it, kept critics busy. To an extent, as everybody agreed, the desire for Trollope was symptomatic of a nostalgic reversion to the past. To an extent, admittedly, it was due to Trollope, whose sterling excellence as a novelist had been only awaiting its moment to reappear. But also, may it not have been symptomatic of a new trend in—a new turn taken by—English taste?

May we not have turned to Trollope in spite, rather than because, of the fact that he is a long-dead Victorian—turned to him because he wrote in a way that few of our contemporaries command? His novels are long, full, solid, reasonable and thorough; they deal with the development of character; they are interested in the aims, be these right or wrong, of a man or woman; they show the effect on him or her of either disappointment or success in those aims; and they also study, with particular care, the interplay between people and their surroundings. May it not be just this, in storytelling, that we have begun to want? The impressionism and guesswork and query-marks of so-called modern novels become dissatisfying. Should, perhaps, the new modern novel study our generation with the thoroughness with which Trollope's studied his own?

It is, I must say, a far cry from Trollope to the first of the novels I have in hand this week—Elizabeth Lake's *Marguerite Reilly* (Pilot Press; 10s. 6d.). So far a cry, you may find when you read the book, that my having led up to Miss Lake by way of Trollope may seem grotesque. If *Marguerite Reilly* has forebears among the classics—and the most original child

"Marguerite Reilly"

"The Hollow"



Claude Houghton, the novelist, has worked at the Admiralty since World War One. Writing novels is his recreation, and his new book, "Transformation Scene," has just been issued by Collins

cannot be without ancestry—I should take these to be such as Arnold Bennett's *An Old Wives' Tale* and George Moore's *Esther Waters*. There is nothing Victorian (in the accepted sense) about Miss Lake's writing other than solidity, thoroughness and a preoccupation with cause and effect. Unlike many Victorians, she exposes rather than connives at hypocrisy. She belongs, must one place her in any "school," with the Realists—of the early Bennett, Gissing and Moore type. At the same time, she is young, very much a child of her own century; and the mid-twentieth-century point of view is absorbed into, though never stated in, her writing. She is impassive, and has a curious way of mounting up facts like someone compiling an indictment; at the same time she more

than lets mercy temper justice: she recognises the size and the farouche dignity of the human soul.

In her first novel, *Spanish Portrait*, these qualities appeared: in *Marguerite Reilly* they have time and room to develop. That first novel was short; this second is very, though not too, long.

MARGUERITE, our heroine in this case, is the eldest of the three Reilly sisters—eldest, in fact, of the whole sizeable family of Patrick and Mary Reilly (née O'Connor)—working-class Irish Catholics, settled at South Shields. Christened Margaret, known at home as Maggie, the self-named Marguerite is driven by one obsession—the dream of "refinement," the illusion of grandeur. This, unhappily for them, she extends to her family; to this she sacrifices her own happiness and, in the long run, theirs. She is a dominating, deplorable and heroic character, on a scale that English fiction seldom affords—a creative liar, a boaster, a bully, a woman who stops at nothing, a woman prepared to give her life's blood for those whom, or that which, she holds dear. "Her great strength," says Miss Lake, at one point, of her heroine, "lay in her ability to cut her losses and move on." And, elsewhere: "Life never lacked meaning for her; it was one continuous drive ahead."

Partly hypnotised, partly flattered, partly rebellious, Marguerite's sisters Elizabeth and Kathie are swept along. There comes a point where Elizabeth, successful in her own right, breaks off and becomes a rival power: Kathie, after one move on her own account, marriage, is flung back by early widowhood and poverty into renewed subjugation to Marguerite. Lisa, the one child of Kathie's marriage, seems also fated, at first, to be sucked into her aunts' wake. It is through the cold, angry eyes of the now independent Lisa that we are to see the end of the Reilly story—which began a long time ago, with Marguerite's birth.

Changes of scene are many: we have—after the South Shields opening—Liverpool, Cardiff (where Mr. Reilly dies and his widow makes what her daughters consider a wretched second marriage, to the Welsh builder Hughes), Bordeaux (where Marguerite and Elizabeth become governesses in a rich family), Lisbon,

and finally Pimlico—where Marguerite, abandoning her successful career as a nurse, embarks on a wild career of boarding-house keeping. There has been something picaresque about the Reillys' dashes about the Continent: sombreness, shot through with a dire element of the fantastic, sets in with the attachment to Pimlico. The story begins (I should calculate) in the late 1880's, and ends during the Second World War. It is, while implicitly modern in its values and view-point, not in the main modern as to actual time. . . . I do not suggest *Marguerite Reilly* as Christmas reading; I do suggest, rather, that its realism and boldness might strike an appropriate note for your New Year mood.

A CHRISTIE for Christmas is, on the other hand, the ideal thing. In *The Hollow* (Crime

Club; 8s. 6d.) Agatha Christie excels herself—in the matter of plot we have a more than ever defeating simplicity; the atmosphere combines idyllic physical comfort with an undercurrent of psychological stress. "The Hollow" in question is the south-country home of Sir Henry Angkatell, retired Colonial governor, and his erratic, brilliant, bemusing wife. Midge Hardcastle, a young cousin on holiday from her detested duties at a dress-shop, is already staying at The Hollow: a week-end house party has been projected, and takes place. So, half-way through the week-end, does a murder—a murder so theatrical that Hercule Poirot, arriving at the Angkatells for Sunday lunch, believes, at first, that the whole affair must be some kind of tasteless fake, to make game of him. Lady Angkatell strikes her guest as being

capable of tout—the reader himself may wonder whether she is not!

Henrietta, the handsome and difficult young sculptress; John Christow, dynamic Harley Street doctor; Gerda, John's plain and uneasy wife; Veronica Cray, blonde but dimming star of the screen; Edward Angkatell, despondent suitor of Henrietta; and David, impossible undergraduate, compose a promising cast. The whole is spiced with character-comedy. I am struck, here as always, by Mrs. Christie's excellence as a *novelist* (as apart, I mean, from her first-rate handling of mystery). She does not lose sight of the fact that unnatural death is, after all, a sombre affair, leaving behind it a train of shock and sorrow—she is accordingly never callous, and never plays for a smile in the wrong place.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

Children's books, of which there was such a famine during the war, are now appearing in satisfactory numbers in time for Christmas. Elizabeth Bowen reviews below some of those which have most appealed to her



From "Bamboo the Grass Tree," by Armstrong Sperry (John Lane, the Bodley Head, 3s. 6d.)

CHRISTMAS is the season for children's books. This year they are gay and many; here are notes on a few:

Stuart Little, by American E. B. White (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.), so completely captures my own fancy that I can but put it top of the list. Stuart is the mouse son of a New York family, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Little. After momentary surprise, Stuart appeals to all hearts, and is cherished. "The doctor was delighted with Stuart and said it was very unusual for an American family to have a mouse."

Stuart's adventures and misadventures, at home, about town, and when he starts off north in his miniature motor-car to look for his lost bird friend Margalo, are related with just the enthusiastic seriousness that they demand. Children of all ages (not excluding

parents) will surely love this redoubtable little dandy, gentleman and adventurer. Garth Williams's illustrations, which further bring out the character of Stuart's long-upper-lipped schoolboy brother George, are nicely in harmony with the story. . . . Junior mouse-loving children should also relish *Margaret Field-Mouse* (The Bodley Head; 5s.), written and drawn by Cam (whose joyous and friendly imagination gave us *Barbara Lamb* last year). . . . And Racey Helps has written, and illustrated with drawings of an almost Victorian cosy prettiness, two companion mouse tales—*The Upside-down Medicine* and *Footprints in the Snow*. These (both from Collins, at 5s.) should make ideal presents for round-about-five-year-olds.

For little girls—though by no means to be despised by their young brothers—there is Noel Streatfeild's juvenile novel, *Party Frock* (Collins; 8s. 6d.). Anna Zinkeisen's illustrations further enliven Miss Streatfeild's treatment of the predicament caused by a dazzling gift—into the heart of an English doctor's family arrives, from a godmother in New York, a luxury party frock for one of the little girls. It is a country war-time winter—no transport, no parties of any kind—how, where and when is Selina to sport the frock? The Andrews children, going into committee, produce a solution which is to fill the tale. An R.A.F. squadron-leader, the vicar, the squire and the American Army all figure largely before the end.

SPECIAL recommendation to another bright-coloured pair of books, written and illustrated by Armstrong Sperry—*Bamboo the Grass Tree* and *Coconut the Wonder Tree* (The Bodley Head; 3s. 6d. each). These have, respectively, the banks of the Yangtze Kiang and a South Sea island as their scenes; both are packed with movement; both have little-boy heroes, and neither should fail to be re-read, till learnt by heart, by a seven- or eight-year-old boy or girl. . . . *French for Peter*, by Louise Phillips—not, by the way, a lesson-book but an album of drawings of young Pierre's day around Paris, his native city—is of a stylish gaiety fit to please any eye, and comes from the Art and Educational Publishers, at 7s. 6d. . . . I feel just a little doubtful as to little Reuben of



From "Dandy Lion," by Percy G. Griggs and Edward Lander (John Langdon, 4s. 6d.)

Little Reuben's Island (H. F. and G. Witherby; 6s.), written by Richard and illustrated by Simonetta Strachey—the repetition of the diminutive, all the way through, seemed to me slightly mawkish. However, I see by notices of earlier Little Reuben books that this child already has many friends, so I ought to tell you that here he is again. . . . As to *Dandy Lion*, by Percy G. Griggs (John Langdon Ltd.; 4s. 6d.), I have no reservations whatever—Edward Lander's fantastic pictures are just the thing, and poor, timid Dandy Lion is beguiling. . . . *A Gateway to Poetry for Boys and Girls* has been compiled by Elizabeth Sturch, and comes from Gramol Publications, Ltd., at 6s.—with an inviting wrapper and strawberry-pink endpapers. Inside, the selection—ranging back through centuries of our poetry, and also catching up with the moderns—is to be praised.



From "Margaret Field-Mouse," by Cam (John Lane, the Bodley Head, 5s.)



From "French for Peter," by Louise Phillips (Art and Educational Publishers, 7s. 6d.)



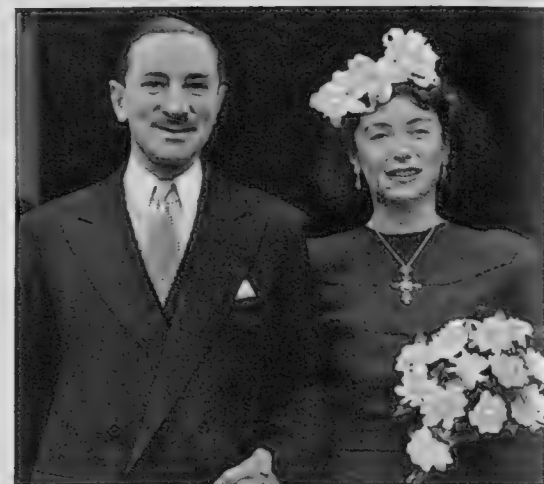
Round — Howson

Major Anthony John Round, 60th Rifles, youngest son of the late Lt.-Col. C. H. Round, of Birch Hall, Colchester, and of Mrs. Round, married Miss Clarissa Juliet Howson, elder daughter of Capt. J. M. Howson, R.N., and of Mrs. Howson, of Great Pecks, Wickham, Hants, at St. Nicholas Church, Wickham



Bowlby — McGaw

Capt. George M. S. Bowlby, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Bowlby, of Spencer's Green, near Tring, married Miss Ann P. T. McGaw, only daughter of Lt.-Col. A. J. T. McGaw, and of the Hon. Mrs. Michael Edwardes, of 4A, Belgrave Square Mews West, S.W.1, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Oliver — Webb

Mr. John Oliver, of 48, Maddox Street, W.1, married Miss Renée Bourne Webb, the Shakespearean actress, daughter of the Rev. Charles and the late Mrs. Webb, of 10, Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3, at Christ Church, Chelsea

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler" and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Drew — Haigh

Major Nigel Drew, son of Brig. Cecil and Mrs. Drew, of Foston, Farnham Royal, Bucks, married Miss Pamela Haigh, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. C. F. T. Haigh, of Edenbridge, Kent



Sadd — Donnison

Mr. Ian Sadd, R.N.V.R., youngest son of Sir Clarence and Lady Sadd, of Thorpe, Haywards Heath, married Miss Cherry Donnison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. O. Donnison, of Bournemouth at the Sacred Heart Catholic Church, Bournemouth



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Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis

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Photographs by Joysmith



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The Yak is far from being the lithe and frolicsome animal his name would suggest. He is the embodiment of solid dignity and, in his native Tibet, works hard for his living

Game Warden—talking ABOUT ANIMALS

JIMMY, the huge Tibetan yak, has been in the London Zoo "man and boy" for the past fourteen years.

In spite of his huge size he is an amiable old gentleman and takes his slow, ponderous constitutional round his enclosure every day. Like most of the animals in the Zoo, he is an inveterate cadger for tit-bits. His method of obtaining an apple or piece of cake is generally effective. Fixing his selected provider with a mournful eye, he advances slowly to the bars of his domain, and when quite close he slowly curls back his lips, exposing some wicked-looking teeth, now rather stained with tartar; he then waits for the offering.

Unlike Dicksie the young African elephant, who wastes no time on doubtful customers, but whips his trunk with lightning rapidity from one to another, Jimmy takes his time. "Slowly does it," seems to be his motto: and I doubt very much if he completes more than one circle of his extensive paddock in the course of a morning. The proverbial patience of the Orient seems to be instilled in him.

Both the wild and domesticated yak of the Tibetan plateau, of which Jimmy is one of the former, are very closely allied to the famous bison group. Tibetan wild yaks of the pure bred variety are nearly always uniformly black. All are big, and a well-grown specimen stands nearly six feet at the shoulders.

JIMMY is one of the finest and largest specimens in the world. When he walks about with his slow and stately gait the long shaggy hair on his flanks and underparts of his body sways about with almost rhythmical movement. Yaks have that inherent dignity of massive strength and dormant power which compels admiration. They are the principal beasts of burden throughout Tibet and a large part of China and Mongolia, and without them it would be almost impossible to cross many parts of those barren countries.

Incidentally, yaks' tails are very often used as fly whisks, and, when dyed, are also used as ornaments to the roofs of mandarins' residences in China.

Midas Changes Hands



Second to Dante in the Derby, Midas was recently sold by Lord Rosebery to Mr. J. A. C. Lilley and belongs to a syndicate. He is now at Heath Stud, Newmarket, under the management of Mr. Stanley Smallwood. Midas is a grandson of the famous staying mare Plack, and besides his excellent Derby performance he also won the Newmarket Stakes

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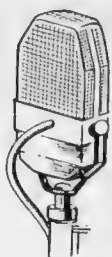


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Woman



—the mystery

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First Night Party for R.A.F. Repertory

The B.A.F.O. Headquarters Theatre Company in Germany recently presented Emlyn Williams's play "Night Must Fall." Amongst those at the first night stage party were W/Commander Cherrill, Mrs. A. A. Adams, Michael Hamilton, F/O Paula Guthrie and G/Capt. Adams

Oliver Steward on FLYING

TO the creation of committees there is no end; but the creation of one with the almost unbelievable name of the Cumulo-Nimbus Committee is a stroke of pure genius. It is the Air Ministry's doing and the committee comes under my friend, Sir Basil Embry.

The name gives one a vague impression that the committee members will go about wearing haloes, although in fact the aim is to prevent pilots from having to wear haloes prematurely. That big bumps can endanger an aircraft structure has long been known, and it has also long been appreciated that there are alternative ways of tackling the danger; either by making the aircraft extremely strong, or by making the pilot avoid the bigger kind of bump.

I gather that the Cumulo-Nimbus Committee is considering the project of a radar device for detecting cumulo-nimbus clouds. When they are in sight there is no trouble about detecting them, but there are conditions in which an aircraft might run into one unawares.

Destructive Bumps

SOME years ago there was a crop of accidents in which aircraft went into clouds in one piece and fell out of them in a great number of pieces. At the time there was an element of mystery about these crashes. But since then a more general understanding has spread of the velocities which air currents within clouds can attain.

And it seems that, like the human body, an aircraft can take a sharp jolt more easily than a sustained overload. A man can take an extremely high *g* (or multiple of the acceleration of gravity) for a moment, but if a comparatively low *g* is maintained for any length of time—as in a tight, high-speed turn—he blacks out and eventually loses consciousness.

Clouds are not the only causes of bad bumps. It seems that ultra-fast aircraft, flying in the region of compressibility, must face a real hammering. When the speed-record flights were being made by Donaldson, Waterton and Duke this year, their accelerometers read a *g* differential of as much as 10*g*—that is to say the load went up to 7 on the plus side, and down to 3 on the minus side. Ten *g* is more than a man can stand for any length of time without blacking out and normally about 5*g* is the limit of comfort.

Anyhow, here are all good wishes to the Cumulo-Nimbus Committee and its great bump hunt.

Free the Petrol

ONE day British aviation like British motoring must face the problem of how it is going to get enough petrol. At the moment we know that petrol is still rationed because we cannot afford to pay the dollars that would be needed to lift the rationing and put petrol on free sale.

Experts say that if the rationing were removed about half a million tons more spirit would be needed every year than at present. And that might cost £4,000,000. So what is really happening is that the Government is using its restrictive powers in one field—that of rationing petrol—in order to help it in another field—that of currency.

The principle is, of course, all wrong. But I fear that we are going to see it applied again and again. In my view it is time the petrol restrictions were removed. The currency situation ought to be dealt with by direct measures and not by indirect.

Designing for Cheapness

LOOKING at the little Lévrier biplane in the Paris Salon, I found myself wondering what would happen if a competent aircraft constructor set out to build an aeroplane for cheapness and nothing but cheapness.

A study of a design for cheapness would lead to many interesting results. I suppose the cockpit would have to be open and instruments would have to be cut down to a minimum. Whether the biplane or the monoplane form would be the cheaper I do not know—and I doubt if anybody else knows.

Then again is it cheaper to arrange the seats in tandem or side by side? Is it cheaper to interlink the controls to avoid separate rudder pedals or rudder bar or is it cheaper to keep to the conventional formula? Is it cheaper to use a sprung undercarriage or sprung wheels? Would a single-track undercarriage with wing-tip skids do?

One could go through the entire specification in this way and one would find that, although information abounds about the relative efficiency of different arrangements, there is very little certain knowledge about the relative cost.

In Paris the smallest aeroplane built to the standard formula seemed to have a price in the region of £2,000. But there were the ultra-simple machines in which the price came down to £500 or thereabouts. That suggests an enormous range within which price saving can be practised.

Of course, in aviation, price saving must always be limited by safety requirements. But that is also true in motoring. Much can be done without eating into safety provisions.

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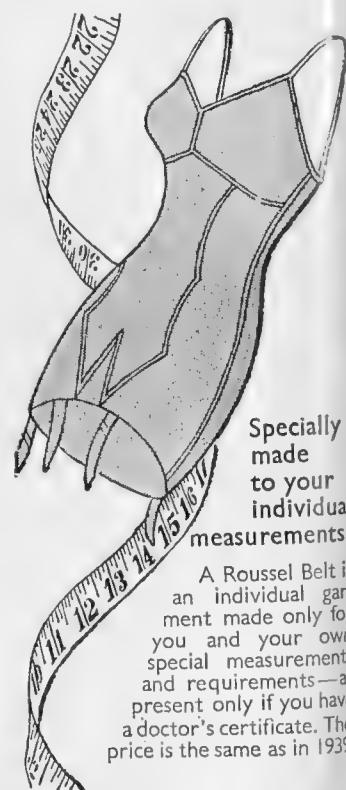
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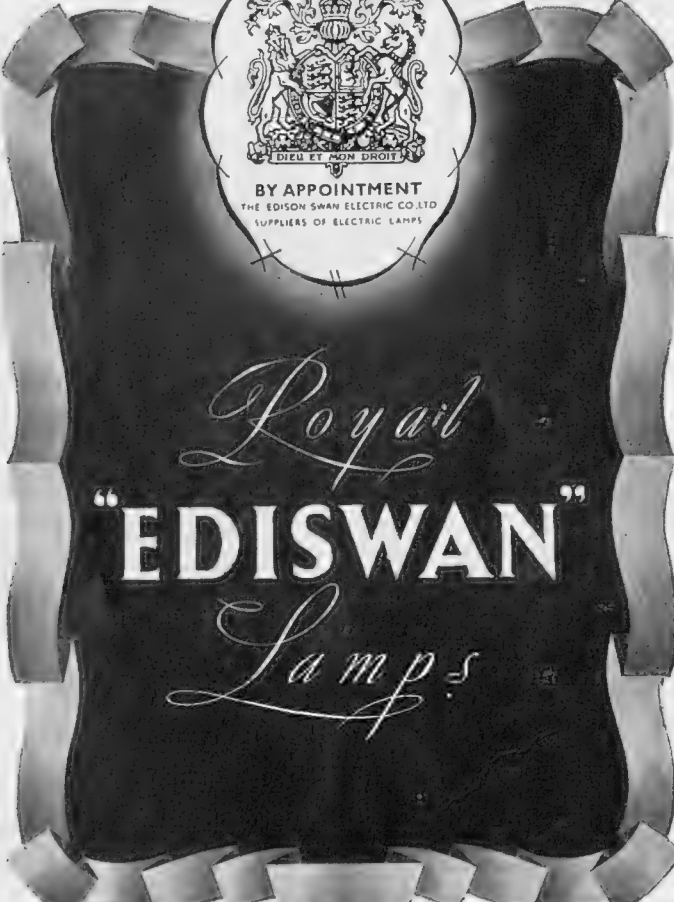
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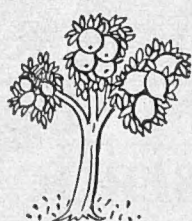
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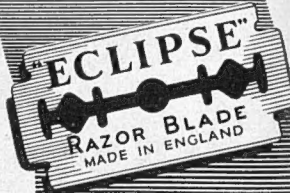
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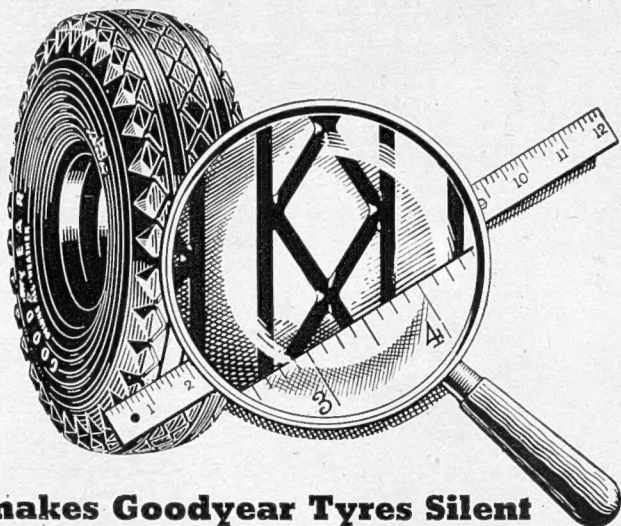
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